

Rec. 5/24/15

#3999231  
[REDACTED]

### Victim Impact Statement

I was on the patio of Forum at the site of the second blast on April 15, 2013. I remember the chilly air as we walked and talked on our way to the restaurant. We emphatically commented on our excitement for spring - the flowers that were planted along the way and the little things we loved about our city, like the "Ducklings" in the Boston Common.

The Forum was a favorite spot of one of the friends I was with that day. A charity was hosting a viewing party of the Marathon and we were guests supporting their team of runners who had raised thousands of dollars for Cancer research.

I tracked my friends who were running the race and as they approached our location, I got especially ready with cowbells in hand and a smile from ear-to-ear. I had never watched the Boston Marathon that close to the finish line. The crowd's enthusiasm was extra infectious as the runners were that much closer to an incredible achievement.

Sadly - and thankfully - I didn't see my friends running that day. When the bomb went off at our site, it changed their pace, their goals and all our lives.

As I peered down the street and watched the smoke engulf the sidewalk in the distance, I thought the 1<sup>st</sup> explosion was a faulty fireworks display or a transformer malfunctioning. And then something happened to me and in an instant, the scenario was far worse. With one shoe hanging on and the other missing, I tried to step but instead kicked that dangling shoe off my foot. I saw my purse, covered in blood. It was smoky. I couldn't hear. When I try to recount the story, I say I hurried inside. Maybe due to shock, I was in a hurried state but later learning the extent of my injuries, I rival at the fact I was fast moving at all. I could see one of my friends inside the restaurant and I moved towards him. I tried to speak but I was unsure if he could hear me. I could barely hear him. The sirens raged. People were screaming and running in all directions. Was this an attack? Were people coming on foot to get us? Should we be hiding? Thoughts of the then recent Sandy Hook events and actual combat entered my mind. We were unarmed.

Super civilians - as I like to call them - helped my friend lift me onto a granite table. I did all I could to stay calm but I didn't feel safe. With my injuries wrapped in bar towels, I was moved to the street to be more visible to the First Responders. My friend told me not to look at my leg anymore. "Just look at me", he said. "Don't look around" - he reassured me that we would be okay. That friend became the bravest person I know that day. I waited to get in an ambulance until they all but cleared the scene. Too many others needed those gurneys. And then a suspicious bag had been located at the site. It was time for us to get to a hospital. A hospital that no one knew

I needed since most people in my life didn't know I was at the Marathon that day. We didn't have cell service until we made it to Storrow Drive. Family and friends who had been in the dark about my whereabouts were relieved to get a call from my friend and to learn my state but obviously traumatized by the reality of what was. Once at the hospital, it was like a movie set come to life. It was incredible how many people were helping but at the same time, I simply couldn't believe how many people needed help.

After the request for my clothes serve as evidence and several interviews with police detectives and FBI agents – confirmation that this act was a potential crime – and countless nurses, aides, doctors had treated me (essentially anyone who could help, helped)...they released me. My X-rays showed no broken bones. We managed to extract most of the shrapnel off the surface of my forehead, face, arms and legs. I agreed to be discharged. Someone else needed that bed more than me.

I didn't watch TV for the day or two following the bombing. I was in so much pain. It was difficult to relax or rest. My swollen and badly bruised body had me in a constant state of nervousness. When FBI agents asked to interview me at home, I agreed. All I wanted to do was help. I struggled to remember that chunk of time between the bomb and finding my way into the restaurant that day. I was still having trouble hearing. I felt helpless with aiding their efforts to identify the wrongdoers.

My first follow-up appointment with a physician would prove frustrating. Essentially, I was told to focus on being "fortunate" and regarding any pain -- I should "suck it up!" After months of continued pain, crutches, misdiagnoses, wheelchairs, headaches, stiffness, ringing in my ears and countless doctor's appointments, 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> opinions, pictures, X-rays, blood work, testing and re-testing – it was determined the left side of my body had in fact – for lack of better terminology – been frozen. In addition, my thigh all the way to the toes of my left leg was purple. My leg had started to atrophy. With concern for further injury and a true uncertainty for what was causing the pain, doctors had suggested I stay off the leg – on at least two different occasions – for weeks at a time. As a result, my leg was starting to deteriorate. Almost 10 months to the day after the bombing, I would have surgery on my left ankle in the hopes of finding the shrapnel and repairing the damage. Inevitably, the foreign objects that had passed through my leg had left a crazy path of extensive scar tissue. There is no guarantee the surgery will fix what was done. If the pain I have today + everyday is any indication, it hasn't yet.

Manual and physical therapy, home remedies, exercise, hard work, patience and a positive outlook have been my course of action thus far. My neck and shoulder are pulled because of the ineptness of my left side. My hip and knee constantly compensate for my IT band, hamstring and ankle. My right side still does most of the work for my body. It's been difficult to build any muscle back on the left leg. I've missed out on special moments with my nieces, nephews and godchildren. Friendships have changed dramatically because people don't know how to be

friends with a bombing victim, and who can blame them. My lifelong love for dance is forever apparent but to execute it, is painful. Things, people, places that I have always loved are tainted. I cannot fully flex my left leg and I often wake up during the night in pain. Prescription meds make me sick, so the management of pain has been interesting to say the least. The treatment that has truly been a catalyst to releasing some of my body's physical turmoil isn't recognized as medical by the state, so I've paid thousands of dollars out of pocket to continue my healing process. I jump at loud noises. I struggle to separate sounds in a telephone conversation or in a crowded room. I try to do the things I love to do but often find fear creeping into scenarios and places that were once mine to enjoy free of anxiety. I stick with the idea and hope that I will get full mobility back in my left foot and ankle. That I will be able to dance, kneel, walk down stairs without a consciousness of where I'm placing my foot and sleep without the pain that has become the norm.

Until now, I have stayed under the media radar. I've avoided the spotlight on purpose. I have worried - at times feared - that if I was vocal...if I agreed to be in the public eye that by identifying myself there may be someone out there. Someone upset that I'm still here. That person or persons may try to find me and harm me or most importantly, harm my family. Now I realize, they already did the harm. The damage has been done.



VNS VIN No. 3999049 [REDACTED]

Page 1

Impact Statement

Being a runner, the Boston Marathon has long been an event that I enjoyed attending. April 15, 2013 was no different. My husband and I chose to stay and watch the Marathon at the finish line, instead of moving along the course, because the weather was so nice, the crowds were having fun, and I was watching for one particular runner to finish running the Marathon.

Then the bombs exploded.

Most everyone knows by now the physical, emotional, and financial toll the victims have endured. Many have shared their stories publicly these past two years. We all have our stories to tell, the moments to relive, and the trauma to deal with. What I have endured is no different; the dramatic impact on my life, the physical and emotional pain I still suffer, and the sense of loss for the life I enjoyed prior to April 15, 2013.

I know my impact statement is supposed to describe the harm I have endured these past two years, but I would rather reflect upon the non-harmful aspects of having had the misfortune of being injured. Besides, the defendant doesn't care about the negative impact his actions had on my life, because that was his reason for getting out of bed that morning; he was determined to destroy as many lives as he could without regard for impact.

Because I am a victim/survivor, I have had the opportunity to know how much my family and friends really love me. When I wasn't able to care for myself, they cared for me. When I couldn't function emotionally and I was a puddle, they were my rock. When my life was out of control, they were there to rein things in and remind me that I will come through the other side and be okay, which I did and which I am. I worked in the legal field for almost 37 years, a job I enjoyed until I realized after being injured that I could no longer be surrounded by people who were bent on destroying their lives or the lives of others. I left that job about a year ago and am now very happily employed as a caregiver assisting people who are working hard to regain and rebuild their lives.

As the result of being injured, I came to know many other survivors, who I am so fortunate to now call my friends. I cannot imagine my life without them.

The defendant chose to commit a crime for which our spoken language has no words to describe how horrible it is. The defendant is a coward in strongest sense of the word, and will now die for what he did. I firmly believe that whatever god the defendant believes in is not a god that will welcome him upon his death for the crime he committed, but instead his god will condemn him to an eternity of suffering equal to, if not more than, what he caused others while on earth.

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Impact Statement continued

When the defendant is sitting alone in his very small jail cell day after day waiting to die, I hope he never forgets and will be forever haunted by the fact that not only did he fail to destroy the human spirit on that Marathon Monday, but that I am surrounded by love and friendship, something the defendant will never again experience.

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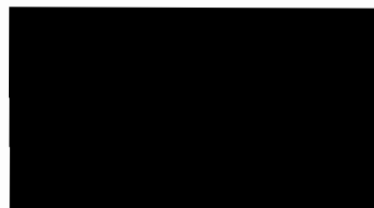
Victim ID # 3999157



I was standing between the finish line and the first explosion, approximately 20 feet from the blast. The force of the explosion blew me to the ground. The blast was so powerful I immediately lost the hearing in my right ear. After the second explosion, I looked to my right and witnessed a gruesome scene.

After leaving the Massachusetts Eye & Ear Hospital on Charles Street in Boston, I was given powerful medicine to help bring back the hearing. After several months the hearing returned to about 50%. I have lost many hours of work travelling to the Pittsburgh Ear, Nose & Throat Hospital of UPMC in Pittsburgh, PA, which is about one hour west of where I live.

As a Christian I believe that you are to love your enemies and forgive them also. **However, I also believe that you are responsible for your own actions.** There is not a single day that goes by that I do not relive the events that occurred on April 15, 2013. As one of the victims of this crime, I thank God each day that I am still able to run and live a normal life and at the same time saddened by the fact that so many lives have been changed due to the actions of the defendant and his brother.



VNS #3999168

May 14, 2015

Victim Impact Statement

United States vs. Dzhokhar A. Tsarnaev

Case Number 2013R00275 and Court Docket Number 13-CR-10200

Honorable Judge O'Toole,

The actions of the defendant Dzhokhar Tsarnaev and his brother Tamerlan Tsarnaev have completely altered my life. I have had to endure numerous physical and emotional complications — all while trying to rebuild my life, which I know will never be the same.

The wonderful memories that began on the morning of April 15, 2013 have been overshadowed by the terror that took place in the afternoon. It was my first time attending the Boston Marathon. I remember being deeply inspired and overjoyed with each and every runner passing by. It was electrifying! I was at the finish line with a close friend waiting for her son to come running down Boylston Street. We were tracking his progress and we knew he was in the final stretch. We were standing along the steel barricade near Marathon Sports (a few feet away from Krystal Campbell and her friend Karen McWatters). Then all of a sudden, without any warning, the first explosion detonated. The loud cheers of joy quickly turned to silence followed by pandemonium. People were crying and screaming for help. It was absolutely horrifying!

The picture below depicts where we were standing when the first bomb exploded.

VNS #3999168



Words cannot begin to fully describe the tremendous impact this horrific event has had on my life. I have outlined below the impact in each of the following areas of my life, physical, emotional and financial:

**Physical Impact**

- I suffered an abdominal injury causing bruising and swelling of most of my major organs, which was excruciatingly painful and resulted in my inability to eat normally for months. In fact, I still eat a very restrictive diet to ensure I minimize inflammation in my body.
- I suffered neck and back injuries causing severe headaches and inability to walk normal for nearly four months.
- I also suffered a heart arrhythmia as the result of the force of the explosion.



VNS #3999168

- I suffered damage to my ears. Specifically nerve damage to my left ear. Along with Increased sensitivity to noise and hearing loss.
- Most of the first 15-months were spent going to doctors, specialists and wellness practitioners multiple times weekly. In fact, it felt like a full-time job.
- I have been diagnosed with PTSD and being treated by several mental health Dr's and practitioners.
- I was an active athletic person prior to this happening. Now my physical fitness level is considered below normal for someone of my age and prior activity level.
- I have not been able to resume any of my normal activities on a regular basis such as going to the gym, biking, hiking, swimming, golfing, etc.
- There hasn't been one day where I have not experienced some form of pain in my body to varying degrees.
- Despite all the progress I have made in the past two years, I continue to get fatigued easily.

**Emotional Impact**

- Before suffering this unprovoked, life-changing terrorist attack, I was a successful business woman, very active in my community, fit, happy, and passionate about life.
- After the bombings, I have struggled to feel safe and secure outside of my own surroundings and I have not been able to trust people like I once did.
- I no longer am able to do the social things I once loved, dining out with family and friends, going to sporting events, traveling the world and more.
- I have been stressed about money and my ability to make ends meet.

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- In the beginning I experienced recurring nightmares of the bombings as if I was reliving it all over again. I was literally afraid to sleep. Although the nightmares have lessened I still experience nightmares from time to time. In fact, during the court proceedings the nightmares resumed in full force as if the bombings had just happened. It was very upsetting and discouraging after all the work I have done to get myself well again.
- I often experience flashbacks from the bombings.
- Unexpected triggers that cause stressful experiences that I have never experienced before – sensitivity to sound, light, proximity to other people.
- I often have feelings of being trapped / stuck which leads to anxiety and panic attacks.
- I have been forced to alter my life style and I have become more reclusive in order to protect myself and feel safe.
- On occasion, I will experience random outbursts of rage and anger or profound sadness and crying that occur out of the blue.
- Perception from others that I look fine; therefore, I should be fine. The fact that I did not lose a limb means some people judge me because on the outside I look 'normal' yet on the inside I am still dealing with complications as a result of the injuries I sustained at the bombings and my life will never be the same.
- Relationships in my life have significantly altered. I have lost friends and some members of my family who simply cannot understand why I am the way I am today. I am no longer the person I once was and I think that has scared some people out my life.

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- This has greatly affected every aspect of my life. I am currently unable to work like I used to. I no longer socialize like I used to and I am unable to physically do the things I once loved to do.

### **Financial Impact**

- For eight years I owned and operated a coaching and consulting business and at the time of the explosions I had just come off my best year in business. In addition, I had recently signed a contract with a publishing company to publish my first book.
- After the bombings I had to let go of all of my clients and I lived off of my savings for the next 15 months. I resumed working on a limited basis in July 2014. To this day I am still unable to work a normal 40-hr work week.
- Conventional medicine was unable to address all of my conditions that were a direct result of the injuries I sustained. I had to pursue holistic treatment all of which was paid out of pocket and continues to be the case. At this point, I have spent in excess of \$50,000 in treatment and even though I do not require the same level of treatment today as I did early on, it is unknown the duration of treatment required to regain a 'normal life'. Since I am unable to work full-time it's impacting my ability to rebuild my savings and retirement.
- The fact that everything I used to love to do in many instances I can no longer do at this point in my recovery. My life has been completely changed. I had plans for buying my first home in 2013, but I had to use all my savings for medical treatment.

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Despite the tremendous impact this event has had on my life, I forgive you and your brother for all the harm and terror you caused me, my family, my friends, my fellow survivors and victims, as well as my community. My hope and desire is that someday soon you will be brave enough to take 100% responsibility for your actions and be willing to forgo your right to further appeals so we can all move forward in peace.



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I was there when the bomb exploded. I have replayed the moment in my mind every day for the past two years. On the surveillance video of the Forum patio, I watch myself on the top right of the screen absentmindedly texting seconds before a bomb detonated. And just as the feeling started to sink in that something was profoundly and deeply wrong, my entire world exploded. As much as I have tried to reconstruct this memory, I can't. I remember the fire, the smoke, the feeling of being hit with rocks in all direction. I vaguely remember a stampede toward the exit, and looking for my friends to make sure they were ok. I clearly remember believing that more bombs would follow and we were going to die. And moments later, we were being ushered out the back door of Forum.

I didn't realize I was injured until a block or two later; I made my way to Somerville Hospital by walking two miles and hitching a ride from a friend. The ER doctors removed very small pieces of shrapnel. They checked my ears. By all accounts, I was fine. I was one of the lucky ones. In that hospital in Somerville, I was very far removed from the chaos of Boylston Street, but I could still feel the fire of that blast - I knew that people had died and that something had irrevocably changed life in Boston as we knew it.

In the days and weeks that followed the marathon bombings, I watched helplessly as the city divided into two factions: The Injured and the Boston Strong. I was so touched how the city had rallied around the victims. But, at the time, I felt neither injured nor particularly strong. For weeks, I tasted fire, replayed the moment the bomb exploded, had ringing in my ears, and yet, I would watch the news and hear about people who had lost limbs, or family members and feel nothing but guilt. Despite being close, so very close, I was spared. But I didn't feel lucky; I felt guilty. This guilt haunts me.

In the past two years, I have struggled with depression, anxiety, and post traumatic stress. While I had exhibited signs of depression and anxiety beforehand, the symptoms have been exacerbated following the actions of Tsarnaev. Even after two years, I still experience the impact of what happened on April 15, 2013 regularly. This impact touches all parts of my life - it can be something as simple as not being able to watch any explosions on television, or not being able to be in large open crowds, to the more extreme as having a panic attack in a public area at work, or physically not being able to participate in things I used to love, such as the Fourth of July, parades, or other celebrations.

I have grown to accept that while I'll be able to treat my emotional injuries, that I will also struggle with these diagnoses. As a high school guidance counselor, I become constantly frustrated by my own limitations - I have trouble participating fully in all parts of my job responsibilities as a result of what has happened to me. Minor things, like fire drills or chaperoning school dances, are triggers for panic attacks or anxiety.

The decision on what happens to Dzhokhar Tsarnaev does not hinge on me and my experiences. There are others who have been impacted in ways I could not imagine. The purpose of my sharing my personal story is to remind the jury that the actions of this individual touched the lives of at least 260 people. That, while you have heard many tales of horror and injury, the reach of Tsarnaev's actions extends far beyond what you have likely seen in the courtroom.



May 14, 2015

Judge O'Toole,

Although I know his fate is in the hands of the jury, I don't much care what happens to the defendant; whether he dies in prison or dies by lethal injection. What he did can't be changed, but he will never have the opportunity to harm anyone else. That's what is important to me. I care about what lies ahead for me and for the others who live with missing family members and missing limbs. Because of Dzhokahar "Jahar" Tsarnaev, our lives are severely altered for reasons I just can't understand. By taking away my leg, he has reduced my level of independence, something I've always cherished. He has altered my appearance and has given me reason to feel inadequate and unlovable, issues that I have struggled with for my whole life that have magnified tremendously with the loss of my leg. I now live with constant nerve pain, sleepless nights, uncertainty about current and future medical problems related to my limb loss and the likely hood it will cause me to be wheelchair bound as I grow older. He has caused me a financial burden beyond what I could have ever imagined, due to the tremendous cost of the prosthetic legs that I now use and the lack of health insurance that exists to cover their cost. My legs cost between \$30,000 and \$70,000 each and need to be replaced every three to five years for wear and tear. I could go on and on about the detriment he has caused to my life and the devastation he has caused to parents of an only child and our extended family, but I would imagine that would make what he's done all worth it to him. I wondered as he heard each one of us tell our stories of pain and agony on the witness stand whether he considered them success stories. That's exactly what he wanted. To kill and hurt innocent people, to leave his mark on America. Well, he succeeded. However, there are residual effects to his terror that no one could have anticipated. Effects that will cause his mark to diminish.

Shortly after he killed three and maimed dozens, he tweeted "ain't no love in the heart of the city". He couldn't have been more wrong. His dark, dismal existence wouldn't allow him to see the love in the City of Boston. The heroes who saved peoples' lives that day. The families and friends who came together to support those who were hurt. The strength and resilience of those whose lives he changed forever and the unbreakable bond that has been formed amongst us. He didn't anticipate the outpouring of love and support for Americans from people all over the world. They wanted to do what they could to counteract what he did. His focus on hate blinded him to the love that is present here in America and the compassion and fellowship that exists among human beings everywhere. What two hate filled brothers did, millions of people attempted to undo, as best they could.

Rather than spend my days at what is formerly my full time job, I now spend much of them in doctors' offices being examined, x-rayed and fitted and for legs. I will forever carry the label "the woman who lost her leg in the Boston Marathon bombing". Every body weight fluctuation of a few pounds or more causes my prostheses to be ill fitted and uncomfortable. I will never hop out of bed in the morning again. I won't go on a spontaneous run in my neighborhood as I used to. I won't feel the sand between ten toes at the beaches I used to love. I will have to consider distances, obstacles, surfaces and pain levels anytime I walk -- all things I used to take for granted. Tropical vacations, bathing suits, swimming in the ocean, short dresses and long site seeing tours used to be things I loved, now I dread them. Ice and snow causes me

so much anxiety that I often stay inside in the winter months. In many ways I felt like I became 80 years old at the age of 38 when Jahar Tsarnaev took my leg.

He has also taken away his own freedoms. Rights that he enjoyed and took every advantage of prior to his cowardly act of terrorism. Although he may not have remorse for what he did to us, may he, at the very least, think about what he robbed himself in his young life and those who care about him while he's sitting in prison or on death row. He will be forgotten, but the spirit of America and the City of Boston lives on. I may be an amputee now, but I still have my life, in contrast to four of his other victims, and I intend to live it to the fullest. I would like Jahar Tsarnaev to know that he did not break me, he did not break America and it is I and the other survivors who will be remembered for our resilience. Memories of him will fade, but Boston Strong will not be forgotten.

Sincerely,

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## Victim Impact Statement

### United States v. Dzhokhar Tsarnaev – Case No. 13-CR-10200

Victim Identification Number (from DOJ Victim Notification System): 3999237

**Impact of the crime** - Continue on additional sheets of paper as needed. Number the pages and write your VNS VIN# on each page.

1. Describe in your own words the harm you suffered from the crime the defendant committed. Explain the physical, emotional and financial harm you endured. Include any long-term impact you foresee, and describe what that means to you and your lifestyle.

While Mr. Tsarnaev did not place the pressure cooker bomb directly behind me, his participation and involvement in the planning caused my injuries resulting in the loss of part of my left leg.

In April 2013 I had two amputations, one on Boylston Street waiting for my mother to complete her 1st Boston Marathon. The other was 2 weeks after the bombing at Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center when I gave my surgeons permission to take my below the knee amputation above my knee to ensure that I could later support a prosthesis.

While I have made progress after multiple revisions to my left limb and becoming more comfortable walking with a leg that is not my own, I have had to struggle with much more.

On April 15th I lost 3cms of bone from my fibula in my right leg closer to my ankle than any surgeon would wish. To say that I am lucky to be standing on one of my own legs is an understatement. I should be a double amputee like Jeff, Celeste and Jess.

Mr. Tsarnaev not only played a part in my leg being blown off and my struggle to walk again but also in the life I had built for myself. I am not able to physically teach the age level I so treasure because of the serious damage to my right leg. I cannot run after children and play with them or do all of the duties of a 2-year-old teacher. Ultimately, my physical life is now changed forever.

To date I have had 21 surgeries since April 15th 2013 that have repaired holes in both my ear drums, removed multiple nails and BBs, healed fractured bones, given me some function back in my right leg that had a hole blown into it and amputated the lower part of my left leg above my knee. My risk for early bone disease has become much higher now due to all the injuries I sustained.

While I am standing and walking today I tire easily when walking or doing physical activities. It takes a large amount of extra effort to walk even just a few feet. I doubt I will ever be able to run or jog again so when I have my own children I will not be able to share that kind of fun and play with them.

My mental state is significantly different from where it was before the bombing. I flinch more at loud noises and experience horrible panic attacks from flashbacks. That day will never leave me no matter the amount of time or therapy I have. The long term financial burdens I will experience will be with me for the rest of my life. I was not able to complete the masters program I had been working on before the bombing because I cannot complete the requirements both physically and mentally.

Even though I have been profoundly impacted in so many ways I will get on with my life and not let what Mr. Tsarnaev and his brother decided to do. What they did will not break my spirit and my drive though.

2. If you have information regarding the defendant's background, character and conduct you want the court to consider, provide that information here.

3. Would you make a verbal victim impact statement, if the opportunity was available to you? YES ☒ NO ☐

4. The U.S. Attorney's Office will make every effort to ensure victims' names and identifying information are not publically disclosed. However, your victim impact statement and name may be disclosed to the public. Do you want your statement forwarded to the court if it will appear on the public court docket with:

Your name on it? YES ☒ NO ☐ (Answer both questions)  
Your initials and or VNS VIN# on it? YES ☒ NO ☐

*\*I understand my victim impact statement will be given to the court and to the defendant and his attorneys. I further understand my statement and my name or initials or VNS VIN# may become part of the public court record.*

\*Signature: [REDACTED]

Date: 5/7/15



## Victim Impact Statement

### United States v. Dzhokhar Tsarnaev – Case No. 13-CR-10200

**Victim Identification Number (from DOJ Victim Notification System):**

**Impact of the crime** - Continue on additional sheets of paper as needed. Number the pages and write your VNS VIN# on each page.

1. Describe in your own words the harm you suffered from the crime the defendant committed. Explain the physical, emotional and financial harm you endured. Include any long-term impact you foresee, and describe what that means to you and your lifestyle.

My life was changed forever due to the defendant's actions on the night of April 18th, 2013, and early morning of April 19th, 2013. On the night of the 18th, Dzhokhar Tsarnaev and his brother murdered my friend and fellow police officer, MIT Police Officer Sean Collier. There are many words I could use to describe Sean's character, but mainly I remember Sean as a selfless individual, and a true friend. Every time I hung out with Sean, his lighthearted spirit would boost the mood of everyone around him. He was truly a special person. The loss of him that night is one that I will never forgive.

The defendant's actions in Watertown on April 19th, 2013 caused me lasting injuries. His attempts to inflict more terror and kill police officers brought me to that scene. I should have died that early morning from the injuries I sustained, but instead was miraculously kept alive through prolonged resuscitation and hours of surgery. Since that morning in Watertown I have been left with immense, irreversible physical pain; pain that I feel every minute of every day. I endure burning and weakness in my left foot and leg, a limp, and no fewer than six scars, some ranging up to six inches in length.

Continued on additional sheets.

2. If you have information regarding the defendant's background, character and conduct you want the court to consider, provide that information here.

This country and this Commonwealth accepted the defendant and his family with open arms as we have to millions of other immigrants. Dzhokhar Tsarnaev chose to throw away the chance to make a contribution to society by committing a heinous, despicable act of terrorism. I consider his acts no less than treason against the United States of America.

3. Would you make a verbal victim impact statement, if the opportunity was available to you? YES ☒ NO ☐

4. The U.S. Attorney's Office will make every effort to ensure victims' names and identifying information are not publically disclosed. However, your victim impact statement and name may be disclosed to the public. Do you want your statement forwarded to the court if it will appear on the public court docket with:

Your name on it? YES ☒ NO ☐ (Answer both questions)  
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***\*I understand my victim impact statement will be given to the court and to the defendant and his attorneys. I further understand my statement and my name or initials or VNS VIN# may become part of the public court record.***

**\*Signature:**



Date: 6-15-15

**Victim Impact Statement – Continued**

**VNS #3999253**

**Page 1**

I spent two months in hospitals recovering from my injuries, and continued to undergo extensive physical therapy for approximately eighteen months. My ability to work as a police officer has been severely affected. My injuries have impeded me from engaging in recreational activities I formerly enjoyed and excelled at, such as running and swimming. One of the most difficult parts of my recovery has been my inability to care for my young son. Due to my physical condition I have not been able to care for him in the full capacity had I not been injured. Lengthy hospital stays have forced me to miss months away from him, a significant portion in a two-year-old child's life. Every day continues to be a challenge.

My injuries and my situation not only affected me, but my family, friends, and fellow police officers. My family went to the hospital and dealt with that unknown—whether I would live or die, and even after I came out of surgery, worrying whether I would wake up and never be able to move again. Family members were forced to take substantial time off from work, and rearrange their lives so that they could act as caretakers for me. This included driving me to numerous appointments and helping with even the most mundane tasks, which I could no longer do for myself. My friends and fellow police officers also made changes to their lives, sacrificing their own personal time to be by my bedside.

Let me be clear on one thing: the defendant did not succeed in all of his actions. Even though I have struggled, even though I am in pain, even though I have had some of the worst days of my life – I am still standing here.



U.S. Department of Justice  
District of Massachusetts  
United States Courthouse  
1 Courthouse Way, Suite 9200  
Boston, MA 02210

Re: Case Number 2013R00275; United States v. Dzhokhar Tsarnaev

Victim Impact Statement; [REDACTED] VIN 3999280

.....

On April 15, 2013 I was a victim, and now a survivor of The Boston Marathon bombings. I was standing and cheering runners down the final leg of Boylston St. In between The Atlantic Fish Co. and the former Forum Restaurant. It was a beautiful day, and our city was hosting a spectacular world class Boston event. It unfortunately ended tragically for so many. When the second bomb went off, I was standing approximately 10 feet from it. I received shrapnel wounds, burns and substantial hearing loss, but I was not as badly injured as others I have come to know over these past two years. My surgery to remove the shrapnel was successful and my burns have healed over time, but my hearing remains poor. I don't think I need to mention the emotional fall out this has inflicted on me, and will always be a part of me going forward. My therapists have been great, but they too acknowledge this is my new normal. Due to the terrorist acts of Tamerlan and Dzhokhar Tsarnaev, the lives of so many innocent individuals have been forever changed.

I have thought about this day often over the past two years, and how I might come to a decision in my own mind how I would want the final chapter to be written. I am a Christian man and I believe in the concepts of loving your enemy, and that forgiveness is the only true answer to achieve everlasting peace, but I am struggling with those directives as they pertain to this individual, Dzhokhar Tsarnaev. I also believe that a punishment for the actions as grievous as these were needs to be meaningful, fair and just. That being said, I feel such sorrow in my heart for the victim's families, and for those who lost limbs, but I feel that a penalty of death is much too easy for Tsarnaev. His actions were his own and they were heinous. Listening to the other survivor's testimony of this week and last I'm not sure if they would agree with me or not, but as a survivor who has acted and spoken on behalf of the survivor community in public forums, I feel death is too easy an end game. My feelings about this penalty have evolved over the past two years; originally I was a death penalty proponent. Now, I would hope to see a penalty of life in prison without chance of appeal or parole. This would help a grieving community to move forward with life not having to be expected to relive this event for possibly decades to come. Once he is incarcerated and out of the public sight and mind, and also not made a martyr to the extremists, we all may begin to find some semblance of finality to this horrible event and time in our lives.

Sincerely,

Date: 4/24/2015

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
3999280

VIN 3999294

I would like to start by thanking the prosecution team for the thorough case you've presented. It has really shown your dedication to justice. I also would like to thank the jury for your service. This has been a long and very difficult process.

I want to talk to you today about my beautiful friend, Krystle Campbell, the kind of person she was and what losing her has meant to me and all those who love her. You and your brother took away a kind and loving person who would never have hurt you. She was not your enemy. You didn't even know her. Krystle didn't have a chance to say goodbye to anyone that day. In a minute, everything changed forever and Krystle was gone.

If you knew Krystle, you knew her family. They were the most important people in her life. You knew Nana, Little Billy and all of her other family members because of all the stories she told about them. She spent so much time with them all and did whatever she could to help them when they needed something. Their heartache and sadness has been the hardest thing for me to watch. You took away their angel.

Krystle was in a relationship with Joe Collins. They were enjoying their time together. It was one of the happiest times in her life. She was in a really good place and all of her friends agreed that we had never seen her happier. Joe was also there while her family waited at the hospital, thinking that Krystle was having surgery, only to later be told that it was me and that

they had lost Krystle. We've watched Joe suffer with his own loss and grief. We will never know if they would have married or had a family. Krystle will never have that chance.

Krystle also had many good friends. She was the friend that was always there for you, in good times and bad. She was always the first to offer help and the one that you could always count on. She treated her friends like her extended family. She was loyal, fun, kind and the best kind of friend that anyone could have.

Krystle was a very hard worker, and a dedicated worker. She always worked harder than anyone else. Her infectious smile brought out the best in all of us. You couldn't help but smile back. Many of her good friends, including me, started out as people she had worked with. She had the opportunity to finally be able to change to a job that would give her more time to spend with the people she loved. Just when she finally had this chance that she had been waiting for, she was killed.

You and your brother took away my lovely friend Krystle, just before her 30<sup>th</sup> birthday.

I could tell you many stories about Krystle but you will never really know her. You will never understand the impact of her loss or why she was loved so much. You will never know why she is so desperately missed by all of us who loved her. My grief

over her loss has been the hardest part of my recovery and my heart was the last to heal.

Islamic terrorists came, targeting innocent people at one of the greatest events in the city of Boston. They came to hurt, destroy and kill people. Some of those people were from their own community, people that had never hurt them in any way. They came and took away an innocence that we will never get back. I am talking about you and your brother. You stood there, watching children play, before you left your weapon of destruction. You can't possibly have a soul to be able to do such a thing.

During this trial, a defense witness said that she saw remorse from you. Why didn't any of the victims who have testified to the horrors that we all experienced, see that remorse? Why didn't any of us that sat in the courtroom during the long trial, see any of that remorse? You blamed your dead brother for your actions. What a cowardly defense. If you are truly remorseful, now is the time to say that you are sorry and mean it. Now is the time to show your regret and remorse. There are many misguided young men and women in this country, working to join terrorist groups. In your remorsefulness, tell them of your regret and discourage them. Save someone else from this horror and these cowardly acts, if you have an ounce of genuine regret and remorse.



VIN 3999414

## Victim Impact Statement:

Every morning when I wake up I am reminded that I was a victim of the second bomb at the Boston Marathon. I am also reminded of this before I go to sleep. It is eerily quiet at those times because I have not put my hearing aids in yet. I lost my hearing in the bombing. I am also reminded when I dash out to work because I need to remember them. Without them I cannot do my job. I am a COTA and work with mentally ill patients. I need to hear them. I get very panicky when I can't hear. I am also reminded that I was in the bombing when I need to adjust the aids to meet the needs of the group I am with or to meet the needs of the environment. I also need to change the batteries and filters on a regular basis. And of course it seems they need changing at inopportune times. I then become frustrated and this can be followed by sadness. I fear that I will lose them or they will break. They are very expensive and I worry that someday I will not have them.

I am also reminded that I was in the Marathon Bombing when I see photos of myself or simply look in the mirror. You see, I've required dental work and am waiting for a new tooth. There is a gap in the front of my mouth and when I smile or laugh it is quite visible. My self-esteem and confidence in my laughter is not the same. My teeth crumbled when my head hit the pavement after the bomb went off. When I meet new people I often feel obligated to explain this which causes me discomfort.

I panic when I least expect it. I was recently hiking and 2 trail runners when by me unexpectedly. I felt that I had to run also. But I didn't know from what. Just that I felt fear. I ended up tumbling over rocks with some abrasions and a bruise. Not only did my body ache, my heart ached, as I lost my pride. I recently went into a panic on the highway that I have traveled on several times a week for 25+ years. There were barrels everywhere, traffic was ridiculous as they had to pare down the lanes. I was so frightened by the chaos. It seemed to me that everybody was just racing to get out of the city to find some safety or calm somewhere. But it was just a normal day that included road construction.

[REDACTED] 5/11/15



This is all part of my new normal. Loud, new, and unexpected noises are so very scary to me. When I went into a Casino I thought at any time something was going to blow up. A new coffee pot at work went off and I became sweaty and wanted to leave the room. Logically I know I am safe but a part of my brain speaks differently to me. I used to be open to new experiences and have a sense of fun and adventure. I would not frighten or startle as easily and I certainly wouldn't panic and run for cover.

I am also reminded that I was a victim in the bombing because once normal activities that I found simple to do or to enjoy have changed. After the bombing I could not eat hamburgers because I had body matter on my clothing that I thought was hamburger. I could not do Yoga which I love nor eat chocolate. For 2 months I would get up nightly and look out windows, I was hypervigilante and scared. Of what I do not know. I did not feel safe. I spent several months in therapy addressing these issues and many more. I could not work for 2 months due to my state of panic and anxiety and because of the inability to hear. For that I lost out on some of my work benefits and will have to work a few years longer to make that up if I choose. I lost approximately \$12,000.00 that would have been contributed to my health insurance payments upon my retirement. I spent many hours in therapy, at ENT appointments, and dental appointments. This took time away from work, family, and my leisure time. And it cost me money as well as time. It makes me angry and sad. I've lost precious time...And this is only my story. There are so many stories; so many lives have been changed. I am reminded of this frequently and when touching base some of the other survivors.

Each and every day is a new day. I choose and strive to have good days. But each and every day I am yet again reminded in one way or another that I was a victim in such a senseless, incomprehensible, and horrific act. I can only hope that you are incarcerated for years and years and more years so that you have so much time on your hands that all you can do is think about, try to understand, and feel the tragedy, pain, loss, and heartache that you caused for so many.

 5/11/15

5/13/15

The Honorable George O'Toole Jr.

U.S. Federal Judge

Dear Judge O'Toole,

In the early morning hours of April 19, 2013 I received the call every parent dreads. My son MBTA Police Officer Richard "Dic" Donohue Jr. was gravely injured.

I accompanied Kim, Dic's wife, to Mount Auburn Hospital where we learned that Dic had sustained a gunshot wound to his femoral artery and near total blood volume loss and was dead on arrival to the ER. We faced many hours of uncertainty while he was in surgery. As a nurse/mother I struggled with the "what ifs..." knowing that the outcome could be grim if not fatal.

The first few days were "wait and see." We kept bedside vigils, Kim spent sleepless nights next to her husband all with an infant son at home. It was heartbreaking to see this young wife at her husband's side urging him to get better. Dic's recovery has been a long process but our prayers have been answered.

Life has changed for all of us as a result of the actions started on Marathon Monday, ending on Thursday, April 19. For many there were catastrophic wounds, for some families there was loss of life and for all memories and pain that will never go away.

This should never happen again and we must "Never Forget". Using the quote from Elie Wiesel "For the dead and the living we must bear witness".

Respectfully,

[REDACTED]

VIN: 4001048

## **VICTIM IMPACT STATEMENT VIN 4028834**

I am a 45year old family physician from Birmingham, Alabama. I am also a marathon runner and I now suffer with bilateral hearing loss, a traumatic brain injury, and post traumatic brain stress disorder as a result of accomplishing my dream of running the Boston Marathon on April 15, 2013. I crossed the finish line three seconds prior to the detonation of the first bomb. I am so grateful to be here today for my family and especially for my three children, but my life has changed forever as a result of that day. I never would have thought that I would be wearing hearing aids at 43 years old. I also never realized that I would have to convince society and my medical professionals that my injuries were real because they are hidden and invisible. It took me over sixteen months of searching for answers to figure out my injuries. I spent countless hours going to doctors and taking medications as well as having very painful procedures on my ears to find out that my hearing loss was permanent. It is easy to diagnose someone with depression and PTSD due to the trauma of the event that we endured. I was forgetful, confused. I could not perform higher executive functioning tasks and as a physician that was a problem. Despite all the technology available I am still not able to use a stethoscope to hear body sounds. I was the main financial supporter of my family and I had my own successful medical practice for ten years. Now my practice is struggling to survive. I continue to do the very best for my three children and in the midst of this I am getting a divorce because my spouse cannot grasp the trauma this has inflicted on me and my family.

I live in Alabama, isolated from other survivors and a city that understands what happened to them. Luckily, I have a support group through our private social media site, but it is very hard going through this process, often at times alone. The process of trying to reinvent one's self and deal with the emotional trauma after an event such as the Boston Bombing is overwhelming, but when one is forced to convince others that their injuries are life long and costly compounds the problems. I fight constantly with my insurance carrier because they do not recognize hearing aids as a necessary medical expense. In addition, they do not

feel that speech therapy is necessary to help in the recovery of a traumatic brain injury. Traveling to doctors in Boston, Huntsville, AL and Montgomery, AL makes it very difficult to function as a working adult. Additionally, seeing both mental and speech therapists to help with all of my conditions takes time and money.

I wish the world could take my place one day and see what it is like to appear normal on the outside and have so many day to day problems on the inside. My hearing loss is bilaterally and I have been wearing hearing aids since August 2013. I change out my batteries every few days and the maintenance and upkeep is unbelievable. My brain injury has left me having trouble with processing speed and working memory both of which are very important in the world of being a physician. I am still struggling to convince insurance companies that I have a disability since these are invisible injuries. I have become an advocate for others which is why I am sharing my story today. I want people to understand that my injuries are very significant and will be with me for the rest of my life and will impact my future and my family's future forever. There are around 240 survivors of the bombings that have issues like myself all dealing with tinnitus, hearing loss brain injuries, depression and PTSD. Our voices must be heard and our injuries are not disappearing. Our lives changed April 15, 2013 and we must not be forgotten by the city of Boston and by the community of professionals that take care of us whether in Massachusetts, Alabama, Maine, Wisconsin, California, Philadelphia or the other states that we come from. Thank you for allowing me the opportunity to speak today



I would like to thank the Court for giving me this opportunity:

Mr. Tsarnaev,

I am a runner.

I was running the Boston Marathon on April 15, 2013.

If not the only, I was one of the very few runners who had qualified with a time for the marathon who were injured. I was about 10 feet from the first bomb that you and your brother exploded. The physical injuries I sustained included broken and dislocated fingers, a ruptured eardrum, hearing loss, dental bite/jaw misalignment, shrapnel wounds, and a traumatic brain injury.

I continue to suffer from cognitive deficiencies – difficulty remembering, concentrating, making decisions, slowed thinking/speaking. My brain sometimes does not let my mouth speak the words that I am trying to say. I am easily confused. I feel tired all of the time and lack energy. I am anxious, have mood changes, crazy sleep patterns, and simple things are now overwhelming. I have a constant headache, dizziness, loss of balance, blurred vision, ringing in the ears, increased sensitivity to lights, sounds, and distractions – I am easily startled and jump at everything.

2013 was my 13<sup>th</sup> Boston. I love the Boston Marathon. Following the race each year, I cannot wait until the next year to return to Boston. I belong to the old school of the Boston Marathon, when the only way to get in was to qualify with a fast time. Boston was the race all distance runners aspired to run. The day I qualified was one of my proudest moments, and I decided then that I would run each year that I continued to qualify. If I did not qualify, I would not run. Because of the evil act you committed, Mr. Tsarnaev, I can no longer qualify.

As a distance runner, I am tough, both mentally and physically. I have a very high pain tolerance. I just naively assumed my injuries would heal and everything would return to “normal.” But this has been a nightmare.

As far as my physical injuries are concerned, I am coming to terms with my new “normal.” However, as a participant of the marathon, what continues to haunt me is that your heinous attack seemed to be directed at the spectators. The most severely injured victims of this tragedy were those there to watch us, the runners – I feel if we had not been running, you would not have had a reason to do what you did. I blame myself; I think that somehow what you did was my fault. And I cannot shake this guilt.

I’ve waited two years to face you. When I finally got the opportunity to see you a few weeks ago in the courtroom, you were not at all as I had pictured you. I saw a small, thin, meek boy. You do not look like the monster who committed this evil act. I’m sorry for you, Mr. Tsarnaev. I will always wonder what could have gone so wrong in your short life for you to feel that you had to do this. “Why?” is the question which will never be answered. Can you even answer “Why?” And why did you become naturalized, become a citizen of the United States, only to turn around and blow us up? Whatever the reason, be thankful because whether you like us or not, whether we want to or not, as a citizen of the United States of America you will receive your due process. You will be treated fairly.



Your penalty has been decided and I will not state whether I personally agree or disagree with the jury's decision. Your trial, conviction, and sentencing have not been healing for me; they have brought everything back up that I have been trying for two years to put past me. Your conviction and sentencing have not brought closure for me. I do not believe in closure. They will not bring the four people back who you murdered. They will not return those of us affected to our previous lives. I will say that I have come to peace with you. And amidst the tragedy of this horrific act that you are responsible for, I have seen and felt overwhelming goodness and kindness.

And, if I have to crawl, I am going to continue to run Boston each year even if I cannot qualify, because I will not let you take that away from me, and there will be four angels waiting along Boylston Street for me to finish.

I hope that in the years to come you are able to reflect on what you did, and that you take the time to study and understand the true meaning of your religion, not the twisted, radical idea that you support. I hope that you are able to do some good during your life.

Good will always conquer evil, Mr. Tsarnaev.

Isn't that the fundamental core of all religions???

I want to say thank you to the Court, the US Attorney's Office, and the jury. God bless all those affected by the events of April 15, 2013, and God bless the United States of America; I have been reassured that our legal system works. I'm so very proud to be an American.

11 May 2015

VIN #4051526

Mr. Tsarnaev,

Your destructive actions on April 15, 2013 changed our families lives in ways you most likely never thought of when you placed that bomb amongst the crowd of children and adults in front of the Forum Restaurant. There was pain, horror, confusion, smells, instincts and fear all at work in one moment. Our daughter was severely impacted by the events on April 15, 2013. She was injured and continues to deal with the symptoms of PTSD.

From that moment, from that horror has emerged a group of people that were once strangers gathered to watch a Marathon and now are forever bound together in strength as a family. Your actions created a family, something you will never know again. You gave up your family when you placed the bomb on the pavement, waited over four minutes and walked away before activating the bomb.

Your hatred has taken away your right to walk by the ocean, to drive a car, to share a family meal, to go drinking with friends, to continue your education, to visit new cities and experience the wonders of life. Now you are facing the consequences of your actions and you will be removed from the society you once took for granted.

We do not want to hear or see anything about you ever again. Once you are sentenced and you are gone our lives will move forward without thinking of you. There is still a lot of healing ahead for our daughter, our family and our friends. It will take years for our family to work through the horror of your actions.

We will move ahead and live our "new normal", we will thrive and we will always remember.



VIN 4066086

My name is [REDACTED]. I was at Forum with my two daughters, my two nieces and some friends. We were inside when the bomb you detonated went off. I cannot even explain to you the terror we all felt. In the 49 years of my life, I never knew this gut wrenching feeling that would change our lives forever.

The last two years of our lives have been challenging to say the least. We suffer from permanent hearing loss, tinnitus, severe anxiety, PTSD, severe migraine headaches, difficulty and startle response, to name a few.

I may not look wounded to you but I am. You don't see my wounds because they are invisible to the eye. I can relate to that because I watched your aunt walk to the stand while she showed no obvious signs of physical trauma either. However, as I watched you watch your aunt try and speak but couldn't utter a word because she was crying hysterically. I saw you wiping your tears away knowing that you are the cause of her pain. She may not have suffered a physical injury by your hands like we did, but you obviously caused her severe emotional trauma. When you either rot in prison for the rest of your life or if the rest of your life is coming to an end, your aunt will carry the emotional pain for the rest of her life. Not only is it going to affect just her because everyone that she interacts with will be impacted. That was just one person. Now think about that magnified by every person who was not only at that marathon but knew someone at the marathon or watched the images on TV. Just know that you have caused that much pain and suffering. So my pain is their pain. It's like a cancer you created that has spread so rampantly. My only hope is that you own all of this grief and anguish for the rest of your natural life.

What I represent in the world is wholeness and healing. I ask myself where does the healing begin? It begins with you taking responsibility for your actions, telling the truth and asking for forgiveness. So, I have one question for you, according to your meetings with Sister Prejean, you are remorseful for your actions. I haven't seen or heard any indication of that. What would your impact statement be for all the pain and suffering you've caused? I challenge you to write that.

## Victim Impact Statement

United States v. Dzhokhar Tsarnaev – Case No. 13-CR-10200

Victim Identification Number (from DOJ Victim Notification System): 4066558

**Impact of the crime** - Continue on additional sheets of paper as needed. Number the pages and write your VNS VIN# on each page.

1. Describe in your own words the harm you suffered from the crime the defendant committed. Explain the physical, emotional and financial harm you endured. Include any long-term impact you foresee, and describe what that means to you and your lifestyle.

Emotionally I have suffered INSOMNIA, increased ANXIETY and depression. When I'm able to sleep, I've had nightmares ON + off since day of bombing. Due to the events that occurred, I have been harassed in person and on the internet by people who self report to be supporters of the defendant.

2. If you have information regarding the defendant's background, character and conduct you want the court to consider, provide that information here.

NOT applicable

3. Would you make a verbal victim impact statement, if the opportunity was available to you? YES ☒ NO ☐

4. The U.S. Attorney's Office will make every effort to ensure victims' names and identifying information are not publically disclosed. However, your victim impact statement and name may be disclosed to the public. Do you want your statement forwarded to the court if it will appear on the public court docket with:

Your name on it? YES ☐ NO ☒ (Answer both questions)  
Your initials and or VNS VIN# on it? YES ☒ NO ☐

*\*I understand my victim impact statement will be given to the court and to the defendant and his attorneys. I further understand my statement and my name or initials or VNS VIN# may become part of the public court record.*

\*Signature:



Date: 5/12/15



VIN4071702

Dear Your Honorable Judge,

When given the opportunity to write this victim impact statement, so many thoughts come to mind, yet all so difficult to put down in words. How do you actually describe what the death of a vital family member means in that moment and for the rest of our lives? But none the less, this is our reality.

On April 18, 2013 my life was rattled to its core. This is the day that the defendant and his brother decided to play a higher power and take the life of yet another human being. That human being was my brother, my hero, and my confidant Sean Collier. To the rest of the world, he is known as Officer Sean Collier. But to me, he was my little brother. The one whom I clearly remember the day he was brought home to join my sister and I in his place in our family. The one who I held as an infant, played matchbox cars with, rode bikes with, took to concerts, and was always his financial go to when he needed a few extra bucks. He was the one who dropped everything in 2011 for 2 weekends to help my family move while I was on bedrest with his first nephew, who he barely got a chance to know. And I can promise you he will not have a true memory of his uncle, being only a year and a half old at the time of Sean's death. He was the one who made his first niece feel beautiful and special when she felt anything but, when she was told she needed glasses. He was the one, that just a few short weeks before his death, made his youngest niece laugh to the point of being breathless as he sat at the "princess table".

I will never forget the night of April 18, 2013. As I followed along on twitter as shots were fired, to a police officer was shot, to finding out my brother died from my iPhone before I could get there. Something changed that night within me, as with the lives of my children. I was forced to face one of my deepest fears, the loss of my sibling. My children were forced to learn from an early age that there is true evil in this world, and sometimes bad things happen to good people. A very tough lesson for them to learn at the time being 5yrs, 3yrs, and 1 yrs old. No lesson a child should ever have to learn.

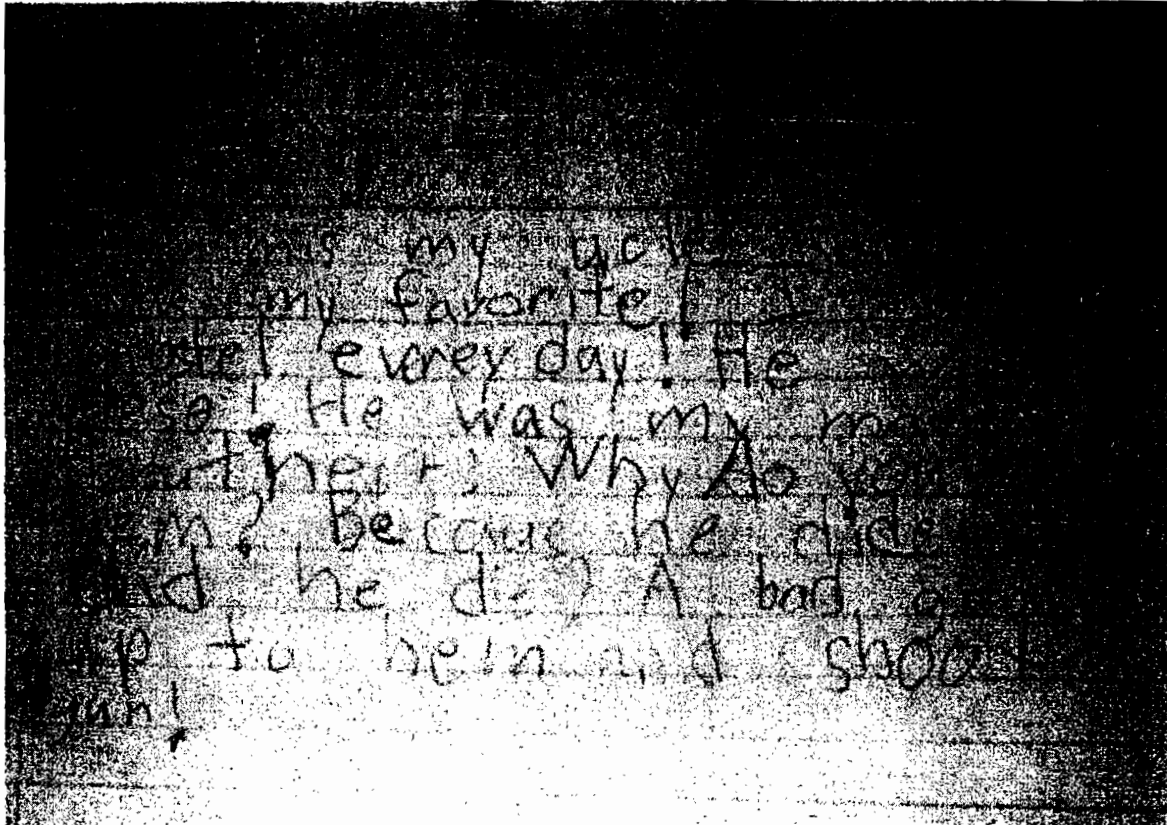
Being a police officer was Sean's calling. Something he talked about from the time was could talk. He was always giving us lessons in right and wrong. He was very black and white and very little gray. He had a warm smile and a charismatic personality that allowed this calling to become more than a job, but his life. The countless stories that have been told since his death of how he went out of his way to help people, to get to know people, and to make people feel safe does not surprise me in the least. This is very much how growing up with Sean was. Whenever I needed help, needed to feel safe, or just reassurance, he was always my first call. It does not surprise me that in his very short career of being a police officer he excelled. It does not surprise me he holds the highest ever graduating GPA at the MBTA police academy. This was Sean, and he did things right.

The night Sean was taken from us was the night that I can say I no longer feel this world is safe. I now look over my shoulder a few more times. I think twice before I sign a permission slip for a field trip or allow my children to play at other peoples homes. I can feel my anxiety level rise every time my son says he wants to be a police officer. That night also brings lots of memories I miss dearly. I miss my calls to him just to chat. I miss his weekly calls for \$10 so he can get to work and me wiring much more than that and the text message that inevitably followed. I miss seeing him play with my children. And most of all I miss knowing he was a phone call away.

I think my oldest daughter says it best though in a journal entry she wrote in 2014. She sums up everything nicely. How she feels about her uncles death, but also what I have had to deal with on a daily basis raising young children who have seen pure evil and having to comfort them



as they sob when they miss their uncle and cannot understand why we go visit him in a park with a granite stone.



"2014 6 years old by: [REDACTED]"

I miss my Uncle Sean! He was my favorite! I saw him mostly everyday! He was a police! He was my mama's brother! Why do you miss him? Because he died! How did he die? Because a bad guy came up to him and shoot his gun!"

I miss Sean every day, every hour, every second of my life. Every thing I do, I ask if Sean would be proud? I make sure his memory remains and his enthusiasm is alive in my children. I am so grateful that the rest of the world has gotten a glimpse into the amazing person Officer Sean Collier was, but wish nothing more for my little brother, Seany, to be just a phone call away again.

Thank you again for this opportunity.

[REDACTED]

VIN#4082042  
1 of 3

I've had an excruciatingly difficult time trying to write this statement. Before April 15<sup>th</sup> of 2013, before Dzhokhar and Tamerlan Tsarnaev's bombs tore my life apart, I was a college student majoring in English Literature at Suffolk University. Words have always been important to me. Some of my earliest childhood memories center around reading, or being captivated by words that seemed to define everything I knew about this world. That the human race possessed so many ways of expression was eternally awe-inspiring.

There are no words to describe the heinous actions of the Tsarnaev brothers. Much of my time that has elapsed since the Marathon has been spent frantically attempting to seek comfort in the words that have always brought me peace. But the heartless actions of Tamerlan and Dzhokhar have left me without words. Nothing I write could ever do justice to the atrocities of that day, or the agony of the weeks and months that followed.

Still, I want my voice to be heard, because there are five individuals who will never speak again: Martin Richard, Lu Lingzi, and Krystal Campbell, whose bodies were obliterated by the Tsarnaev's bombs; Officer Sean Collier, who was brutally executed for his weapon; and Officer Dennis Simmonds, who suffered a head injury in the Watertown shootout and succumbed to that injury nearly a year later. On one hand, I desperately wish I had the power to make people understand what many of us, as survivors, have undergone. The road to recovery is an unpaved, unkempt, and often very lonely one. Nevertheless, we persevere, because we must.

On the other hand, I am exceedingly grateful that the majority of people whom I encounter do not speak the language of the victim, because it means they have not experienced the dark depths of hell that have become my prison. Do I envy these people? Yes, occasionally. I miss the lighthearted, free-spirited kid I was before April 15<sup>th</sup>. In spite of that, I also fear for these people, because I know just how quickly that happiness and ease can be snuffed out.

The story of the Marathon has been recounted over and over on a seemingly endless loop, and for that, I am sorry. This is not a story with which innocent ears and minds need to be unwillingly burdened. Therefore, for the purposes of this statement and the deliverance of justice, I will refine my comments to my experience post-Marathon, save one ordeal from that day that I refuse to omit.

That ordeal was calling my mother. The bombs detonated at 2:49 p.m. on Monday, April 15<sup>th</sup>, 2013, approximately eleven to twelve seconds apart. Those facts are engrained in my memory. I couldn't forget them if I tried.

I called my mother at 2:52 p.m., as I was running away from the ghastly scenes of destruction that desecrated Boylston Street. My hands shook so badly that it took me several attempts to dial the number. We had spoken only moments before the first explosion and I feared she wouldn't answer. I pressed the phone to my ear, silently pleading with her to pick up. I could barely make out the sound of the ringing.

VIN #4082042  
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Finally, after what felt like an eternity, I heard her voice on the other end of the line. I started to cry convulsively, unable to force out the words I needed to say. She knew something was wrong. She shouted my name repeatedly, frantically. All my mother heard were my screams, the sirens of the emergency vehicles as they desperately tried to reach the victims, and the word "bomb" before the line went dead.

We weren't able to reconnect for nearly fifteen minutes. She describes those as some of the most agonizing of her life.

I phoned my mother because I believed I was going to die. That feeling is painful to describe. Terror washed over me and all of the faces of the people I hold dear circled on repeat before my eyes – people to whom I would never have the chance to say goodbye. My mother was at the top of that list. In that moment, when bombs were exploding and blood surrounded me, I wanted nothing more than to be held in my mom's arms one last time. I wanted to spend my last breaths with her. I needed her to know that I loved her. Yet, when I heard her voice on the other end of the line, I suddenly realized that I didn't want her to know I was about to die. I wanted her to believe everything was the way it had been when we had last spoken: peacefully energetic, celebratory, with no danger in sight. I couldn't force out the words I needed to say to her. I heard the dial tone. I had lost my mom. I was alone.

Unlike so many others, I was relatively unscathed. I had a dislocated shoulder, minor abrasions on my hands and arms, and a concussion. I experienced hearing loss and continue to cope with ringing in both of my ears. I was later diagnosed with a traumatic brain injury when I discovered I was having trouble reading and writing. I still struggle with basic tasks, like remembering important dates and following verbal instructions. Migraines are a daily battle.

In the late summer of 2013, I was diagnosed with post-traumatic stress disorder. I have nightmares almost every night. I wake up screaming or breathless and covered in sweat. I can't sleep in dark rooms or new places. I keep a noise machine on every night to drown out the ringing in my ears, which sounds remarkably like sirens. Sometimes, I can't distinguish between the ringing and actual emergency vehicles.

During the day, I'm plagued by flashbacks. Sometimes they develop into disassociation episodes, where I believe I'm on Boylston Street again. Panic attacks are frequent. Fear is constant. I'm painfully hypervigilant, paying extreme attention to everyone around me at all times. On bad days, everything is a trigger. Backpacks, runners, breaking news, people in uniforms, ambulances, fire trucks, handmade signs, loud noises, screams, crowds, metal barricades, suspicious packages, children. Increase that list ad infinitum. I can't sit comfortably with my back to a room. I can't go to the movies because of the darkness and the surround sound systems. I can't watch fireworks with my family. I tried, once. I broke down into tears and started hyperventilating. I had to be hospitalized.

What lingers from the Marathon?



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Guilt. I wish I could have helped other survivors that day. I watched Martin Richard take his last breath, and I feel guilty for being alive when he is dead.

Fear. I know how the fear of death truly feels, how it courses coldly through veins and chokes off even the brightest of lights. I'm afraid this will happen again, to myself or others. Since the Marathon, I haven't been able to define this world without fear, though I do believe that is a "yet."

Sorrow. I've seen the worst of the suffering, the anguish in fellow survivors' eyes, the desperation to return to our lives as we used to know them. I've watched family members mourn for their loved ones, who will never be held or hugged again. I cannot erase that from my memory.

Questions. I want to know why Dzhokhar and Tamerlan did this, why they thought these actions would be the right platform to express their pain.


Hope. I hope that my battle will be a little easier each day, that all of us find some form of closure, and that our collective stories inspire those who are still struggling.

Finally, resilience, because no matter how impossible it may seem at times, I will never stop fighting. There is no other option.

I'm 23 years old now. I moved back in with my family after two inpatient hospitalizations. My parents have taken on the financial burden of my medical bills as a result of the Marathon, because I have tried and failed several times to return to my job. I was forced to take a medical leave from Suffolk University in May of 2013, and I have been unable to return due to my brain injury. I have a service dog named Friday who accompanies me everywhere. My entire life has changed.

Still, if I was given the choice to be somewhere else that day, I wouldn't take it. I want Dzhokhar Tsarnaev to know that he failed. Despite every horror I have endured, I am grateful for this experience because it showed me how much life needs to be valued, and how fleeting it can be. Despite innumerable setbacks, I live my life to the fullest every single day. I keep fighting. I try to spread joy and laughter because I know exactly how dark this world can be. I've been given a beautiful opportunity to help others who are struggling just as much as I am, if not more than. I've learned how to accept help graciously, and how to extend my hand effortlessly. I've seen the vilest of man's intentions, and that has been met and surpassed by the kindness, love, and generosity of my family, my friends, and complete strangers.

Love wins, Jahar, every time. I am saddened that you were sentenced to death, because I don't believe anyone else – including yourself – should hurt because of your actions. It is my genuine hope that you find the peace I have now, thanks to you. I forgive you.



VIN 4110105

Impact statement from [REDACTED] (mother of 2 Boston Marathon Survivors) – May 14, 2015

As the mother of Nicole Gross and Erika Brannock who were severely injured at the Boston Marathon, I would like to submit how the marathon bombing has impacted my life. Although I was not physically injured on Boylston Street, I was injured emotionally by the terrible events of that day. I was running the marathon that day and learned about the bombing when I was stopped  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile from the finish line. Erika, Nicole, and my son-in-law, Michael, were waiting for me at the finish line and I tried to text them, but got no answer. A little while later I got a text from my Michael, "Are you okay? We were in the bombing. I can't find Nicole and Erika." That is when my life was changed forever.

A pure panic overcame me, and I was absolutely frozen with fear. If not for the kind person who was standing next to me, I don't know if I would have been able to maneuver through a strange city, cold and exhausted from almost completing the 26.2 mile run. Michael eventually texted me that he had learned Nicole was on her way to Brigham and Women's Hospital, but he still did not know where Erika was.

With the help of strangers, I was able to get to Brigham & Women's Hospital a few hours later to learn that Nicole was in surgery; Michael had suffered burns to his head and received some shrapnel injuries. Erika was still missing. It wasn't until 9 PM that evening that FBI agents found me in the waiting area at Brigham & Women's Hospital and told me that Erika was at Beth Israel Deaconess Hospital. They walked over there with me and took me to the ICU where I was met by the doctor and nurse who told me that Erika had lost a leg on Boylston St. and her other leg was severely injured, but they would do all that they could to save it.

So my nightmare continued. Thirty-two days in the hospital for Nicole and 50 days for Erika. I spent all but one day of those days in Boston...my only respite was going home to Maryland for 24 hours to get more clothes and take care of some financial matters.



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To say that my life has been impacted by the bombing is an understatement. So much focus has been on the injuries of the survivors (as they like to be referred to). I, on the other hand, feel like an invisible victim. Consider the exhaustion of running almost a full marathon only to find out that your children were severely injured as they waited to see their mother to cross the finish line. Most people who run a marathon need a week or more to recover, but I was immediately thrown into an emotional marathon that tested my mental and physical abilities for more than two years. Every day for nearly two months I spent with one or both of my daughters at their hospital.

Nicole was finally ready to return to her home and returned to Charlotte with Michael in mid-May. Erika's hospital stay was the longest of all of the injured, and finally on June 3, 2015, I accompanied Erika when she was medevacked home. She was immediately admitted to an inpatient rehab hospital, and for the next 2 weeks I visited her or stayed overnight with her every day while she was there. She then moved back home with my husband and me where she and I slept in the living room while renovations were done on our house to make it handicap accessible. During this time, I helped her change the bandages on her still open wounds, and care for her needs as she was virtually immobile. She was on IV meds for 6 weeks that had to be administered every 6 hours that took 30 minutes each time.

In Boston, two free flap operations were attempted to save Erika's remaining leg. Both were unsuccessful. A third attempt to save Erika's remaining leg was made on August 5 at Maryland's Shock Trauma. She was discharged on August 13, and I became Erika's 24 hour caretaker while she healed from this major surgery. The physical and emotional exhaustion was something I have never felt before. There was very little time for me to even try to heal my own emotional trauma and get rest. On top of that, Nicole was home in North Carolina where she continued to have more surgeries. Due to Erika's need for my constant help, I was unable to be with Nicole to help with her physical and emotional needs.

My life has been filled with countless hours of supporting Erika through 21 surgeries, doctor's appointments, miles of driving to and from the hospitals and doctors, hours of sitting in waiting rooms and hospitals, home nurse visits, physical therapy appointments, home wound care; emotional support for Erika and Nicole, mental health counseling, untold hours of paperwork required for reimbursement of bombing-related costs, and many more demands on my life that

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I have pushed far from my memory. I have had to be strong for my daughters while I was falling apart myself. Many nights I would sit at the dinner table with my husband and sob from physical and mental exhaustion and guilt...the guilt of placing my children at the finish line as I ran the marathon. It has been extremely hard for me to concentrate on tasks that require me to be focused. I have spent days where I felt like I couldn't drag myself out of bed, but I pushed through it only to wander around the house without the motivation to get anything accomplished.

My house, daily routine, marriage, relationship with my daughters, and mental wellbeing have all been affected. To say that I was away from my home a lot is an understatement which put a strain on my marriage with my husband who is not Erika and Nicole's father. There was no way that my life had any balance in it.

After 25 months I am just now starting to feel the reality of how our lives have been turned upside down...forever. I don't have the energy that I once had. I constantly worry about Erika, Nicole, and Michael. They are still very much affected emotionally. I see Erika's struggles on a daily basis...how limited she is to engage in activities that once were so easy for her and the reality that she is unable to continue her career as a preschool teacher. It pains me to know that Nicole will never be the outstanding athlete that she had been and also that she will never be able to go back to her avocation as a triathlete and her vocation as a personal trainer. Neither of my daughters have been able to return to work, so I experience the added worry about what they will be able to do for employment in the future.

My daughter's bodies are covered from torso to feet with scars, broken bones, missing bones, severed tendons, and skin grafts. Erika has lost one leg above the knee and her other leg is so severely injured that she will need to walk with a brace for the rest of her life. She has a scar from her armpit to her hip where muscle and skin was harvested to cover up the injury in her remaining leg. Nicole has a scar from just below her ribs to below her navel due to an emergency abdominal surgery in Boston due to complications from a filter that was placed in her to prevent blood clots. The filter became dislodged and perforated her small intestines and became imbedded in an artery.

Am I stressed? Physically, emotionally, and mentally exhausted? Worried? ...all the time. My life is forever changed but not as much as the lives of my daughters and

VIN 4110105

son-in-law. I have done my best to move forward, to stay positive and be thankful for all that we have and all that we have received. I have tried to hide my hurt and sadness from my daughter's so they can heal emotionally and make the best out of the life they have been given. Some days are just harder than others.

I appreciate the time that you have taken to read this and also for all that you and everyone else is trying to do the right thing for justice.



**United States v. Dzhokhar Tsarnaev - Case No. 13-CR-10200**  
**VNS# 4124977**

**1. Describe in your own words the harm you suffered from the crime the defendant committed. Explain the physical, emotional and financial harm you endured. Include any long-term impact you foresee, and describe what that means to you and your lifestyle.**

It is nearly impossible to answer this question. That is my most important statement.

This is a huge ask, distilled down to three black and white lines of text. Text that ends with the question *"what does this mean to you and your lifestyle?"*

I will match the direct nature of your question because there is power in a collective voice. I hope you read 260+ messages of triumph, fight, struggle, loss, madness and strength. Just know your question is too simple and the fight is too complex. *We all wish we knew the answer.*

**Physical**

My ears and auditory processing ability were directly impacted by the crime. My hearing loss is named "global auditory processing disorder." Mine is classified as severe and it is permanent.

Your ears and brain work together, listening to stimuli and processing that information into interpretable language. My injury interrupts that communication, making it difficult to distill and comprehend auditory information in any environment. I will wear hearing aids forever to minimize the struggle. This injury is most consistent with the traumatic brain injuries seen in soldiers following IED impact. Bombings. Proximity to the explosion matters. I was very close.

I suffer an array of physical symptoms consistent with PTSD. Insomnia, hyper-ventilation, hyper-vigilance, rapid heart beat. My fight or flight hormones are so high, doctors once suspected I had a tumor on the secreting gland.

**Emotional**

Two of my friends were waiting for me at the finish line. Those girls were blown up, suffering life threatening injuries. The weight of guilt is insurmountable. The memory of their suffering is burned in my brain. All that once felt secure and safe in the world has been jarred. PTSD is a beast I continue to tackle. I have panic attacks, at one point in January 2015, they occurred every 48 hours for weeks. I work to control severe anxiety, frequent nightmares, and the disconnect associated with losing all that once defined- me.

**Financial Harm**

I am a 2013 MBA graduate of BC. In September 2012, prior to graduation, I accepted and began a job with a large Boston firm. The salary was \$100K+. After the bombing, I never returned.



**United States v. Dzhokhar Tsarnaev - Case No. 13-CR-10200  
VNS# 4124977**

My medical bills have been grossly covered by MOVA. This funding will eventually cap and we will forever take on the financial burden of therapy, pharmacology, otoneurology, audiology and hearing aid hardware. To date this has been in excess of \$30K. Due to my symptoms, I had to leave my job in business development, and so in 2014, I earned \$12K. I am married, and thankfully my apartment and health insurance remain secure. When you once *earned a keep*, and then you stop, your personal worth suffers a far greater loss than can be counted in dollars. The loss is impossible to capture.

**Long Term Impact and Lifestyle**

I try to remember that the bombing always *will have happened*, but it *will not* forever define me. It will not always define my marriage. My relationships. My injured friends. I do not know when I'll feel the shift. And the long term impact of not knowing...even that- is overwhelming.

So I will list for you what I know:

- I know I can no longer work in business development, an environment flurried with complex, simultaneous conversation; an environment where I once thrived.
- I know I will have to find a means of professional development and financial security that accommodates for my hearing deficits, my need for flexibility and personal connection.
- I know I will suffer from PTSD forever, hopefully not to this degree.
- I know my marriage will always carry the burden of this event. Our foundation was cracked and we will work forever to make it whole.
- I know I will never be who I once was. And although we all change and grow, rarely are we forced to change so instantaneously. I know I will always miss that 2013 Boston Marathon runner girl. She was one of the good ones.
- I know I will live a life steeped in gratitude. I promised myself immediately after the bombing that I would not let an opportunity to say 'thank you' pass me by. This is a gift, born out of tragic circumstances- but longterm, I believe it will free my spirit and allow me to appreciate people in a way I *never* would have been capable of before the crime.
- I know one day I'll be a better mother and my husband a better father because we will show our children all that is good in this world, all there is to be thankful for.

**Your Question is Too Simple- It is not black and white**

Imagine you had dandelion; one that made it to the phase of a perfect, white, light, fuzzy sphere- made of a million individual seeds. Imagine you stood, with the wind at your back and blew. You'd watch the seeds fly, high and far. Some would land, some would hide, some would endlessly float away. It'd happen in an instant. Beautiful sphere- then explosive dispersment. You'd never be able to find all the pieces. It is an impossible task. With this question, you've asked me to find those pieces and re-make a sphere. You've asked 260+ survivors to find those pieces and make their spheres. I beg my words offer mild justice to our collective plight. And I'm grateful that you've taken the time to ask and so thoughtfully listen.



## Victim Impact Statement

### United States v. Dzhokhar Tsarnaev – Case No. 13-CR-10200

**Victim Identification Number (from DOJ Victim Notification System):**

**Impact of the crime -** Continue on additional sheets of paper as needed. Number the pages and write your VNS VIN# on each page.

1. Describe in your own words the harm you suffered from the crime the defendant committed. Explain the physical, emotional and financial harm you endured. Include any long-term impact you foresee, and describe what that means to you and your lifestyle.

There are not words that can accurately describe the heart wrenching pain I have suffered due to the actions of the defendant. In the past two years, I have lost my younger brother and friend, and I have been dragged through an emotional tug-o-war between trying to mourn that, live a normal life, and the spectacle of a Federal Death Penalty trial and the media circus that goes along with it.

We were a private family, six kids and two loving parents living in a small town. We grew up, moved out and started becoming contributing adults, many of us working in human services to make a difference. When Sean died, I was working with adolescents in an inpatient mental health unit and bartending to make ends meet. I was behind the bar the night that I got the call from my dad at 12:08 am that "Sean was shot... Sean's dead." I left work immediately, unsure of how to get to the hospital, not realizing that I couldn't get a cab because the city was shut down, as the men who savagely murdered my brother, were still out there, attempting to ruin the lives of other families.

When I was finally able to get to the hospital I was told my family was in a room down the hall. I opened the door and saw them sobbing and wailing over Sean's dead body. I would never have gone in that room had I known I could never wash that memory from my mind, ever. I went to school for Forensic Science and knew immediately based on the distortion and entry wounds to my little brother's face, that he had been shot in the head, and more than once. I don't believe I was in the room for more than two minutes, as I didn't want to keep looking at and examining the wounds, that's not how I wanted to remember him. After leaving that room, we were told that there were more people, not family, down the hall waiting for us. I walked in to see a room full of grown men sobbing, most were Police Officers. I had never seen anything like that before, and I don't know if I could ever explain the weight of the heavy sadness in there; though now, it's something I experience quite frequently. Shortly after that was our first media assault, they had sent someone to the hospital to try and speak to us about how we felt about Sean's murder, she was young looking and blended in quite well, but it was my first look at how our grief would be treated through this point, as a salacious story.

The next few days were a blur, I went where I was told, usually by escort, now learning not only was my brother a murdered cop, but he was murdered by the same terrorists who killed three other people, maimed and physically injured almost hundreds more, and aimed to destroy the city I lived in. During this time we were visited by friends and family and the press was on the porch of the neighbor's house trying to get pictures of us crying as we welcomed the condolences of loved ones. In the past two years I have had to call the police because this has become a "normal" occurrence.

Over the past two years I have tried to find some sort of normalcy in my life, to find my identity again. But my life isn't normal at all. I can't watch the news without fear of starting off my

day hearing all about Sean's death, or more frequently seeing the defendant's face, sending me into a complete breakdown or panic attack. It's hard to forget for even a minute that the happy and loving family I once had is now ripped apart over pure hate that had nothing to do with us, pure hate that I had never before felt, considered, seen or acted out on anyone else.

My once private life has been infiltrated and invaded. The media have come to my apartment, know my phone number and e-mail, and stalk us on Facebook, though not all of the press is like that, and the ones who have been respectful know who they are. I am approached in public and I sometimes feel like I have to look over my shoulder, or heaven forbid someone tell me they recognize me, because it usually ends with a question about how I feel about the defendant. I have had to learn to cry and smile with a stone face behind oversized sunglasses to prevent it from being misinterpreted and tweeted. I constantly worry about my physical appearance because I can never have a fat or bad hair day without the world seeing pictures of me feeling my worst. I live in fear and apprehension to meet people because everyone has an opinion, or wants to know all the gruesome details of Sean's death and the defendant's life. I sit at restaurants in the city with friends and overhear the conversations of strangers, talking like they know him. There's nowhere to hide from that feeling as your stomach drops and your face gets hot, as you decide whether to say something, punch something or just leave. Being the unmarried siblings in the family was fun with Sean. We could laugh about it and exchange stories, and it was nice to have something in common just to ourselves. I rarely date any more. Having to explain my life is too difficult to someone out of the circle. Finding someone who isn't around only to be a part of a big publicized tragedy, or who has the ability to empathize and stick around for the stress and emotion of being a part of it, feels impossible. And these days, there's no one to share these dating disasters with at the "kids table" at Thanksgiving.

I have always been an outgoing and happy person, and while that hasn't completely changed, I find myself finding less joy in activities or energy to participate in them. I don't really know what makes me happy anymore. There are days where the process of just merely getting through the day has become a goal, never mind any extras, and just "putting on underwear" I say, is a success. We have been beyond fortunate to have a support system of other survivors, friends, the Boston community, and especially Law Enforcement, who have kept us going with events and ceremonies and stories of how amazing Sean was. But I found myself exhausted from wanting to attend everything to find a purpose, or to get a laugh in order to not have to face the reality of what had actually happened, because if his friends were there, he was obviously on his way. There is an emptiness that I cannot manage to fill despite these thoughtful distractions. I have run half and full marathons, gone to concerts and sporting events, participated in Cornhole Tournaments and Kickball Games, gone to award ceremonies and met dignitaries, but I would trade it all in for the quiet of knowing my family and my life were whole again.

The defendant has not only taken Sean away from me, but he has taken me away from me in so many ways. And I don't believe I will ever totally recover from that, or feel whole again, despite my resiliency. The simple pleasures of life are noticeably missing sometimes. Or my emotions run the full spectrum of intensity at all times. When I am angry, I am furious. When I am sad, it is debilitating woe. And sometimes when I feel joy, I feel it so purely, that I cry. Because it is so rare and so powerful now, knowing the depths of my grief, that I try to hold onto it, not knowing when I will feel that full again.

So now, in my journey to reclaim my life, I realize that I am starting over. I am accepting that I will never have a complete and happy family ever again, that I will never hear that gut busting laugh or low snicker followed by "you're a mess." I will never see that mischievous grin or beg him to ditch whatever girl he is seeing to come meet me for drinks. I will only hear stories of his greatness, his shenanigans and how many people loved him. I will toast whiskey in his honor and cry with grown men. My family will grow closer, and I will grow stronger as I pursue a life of continuing to help others and show unconditional love, not hate. Most importantly I will revel in the moments of small joy, like Sean would, moments that were taken from him, with every hope and endless gratitude that I am able, and the defendant, who gave them up for hate, cannot. As he will never feel truly sorry for what he has done, only sorry for himself, that he no longer has the things that young people live for. The things that Sean loved the most: Like a little bit of chicken fried, a cold beer on a Friday night, a pair of jeans that fit just right, and the radio up. Seeing the sunrise, seeing the love in his woman's eyes, to feel the touch of a precious child and to know a mother's love.

2. If you have information regarding the defendant's background, character and conduct you want the court to consider, provide that information here.

I do not know the defendant, nor do I care to know him. He is a coward and a liar. Defense Counsel tried to portray him as a remorseful follower of his brother's hate-filled misdoings. He showed no remorse while his victims and their families stood in front of him disclosing their pain, injuries, and experiences. He wouldn't even acknowledge them. He hid behind a dead man who couldn't defend himself, and he took no responsibility for his own actions. Every day he walked into that courtroom, head held high with a swagger in his step, like he was entering a party with his entourage, his Federal protectors. When Nathan Harman identified him as the only person leaning into the cruiser, over my brother's dead body, rather than just make himself more visible, he stood and pulled on his shirt like he was showing off his new designer clothes, as if he was daring him to identify the color. He turned his head to watch how a holster like Sean's would work, since he had clearly failed before. There was a level of premeditation to his crime against my brother, as he parked nearby, snuck up behind the cruiser and wore gloves to commit his murder. He bought milk after setting off a bomb to kill children. I think that this was less to show off how little he cared and more to try and set up a videotaped alibi. He drove around getting snacks to prepare to kill more people while he robbed a terrified hostage, and heaven forbid he leave behind his terrorist death soundtrack while he did it. He has not once shown that he cares about a single person but himself. He ran his own brother over with a car. If he was willing to do that it's no wonder that he had no issues shooting mine in the head. If that doesn't show a complete disregard for life, than what does?

3. Would you make a verbal victim impact statement, if the opportunity was available to you?

YES ☒ X

NO ☐ □

4. The U.S. Attorney's Office will make every effort to ensure victims' names and identifying information are not publically disclosed. However, your victim impact statement and name may be disclosed to the public. Do you want your statement forwarded to the court if it will appear on the public court docket with:

Your name on it? YES ☒ X NO ☐ □ (Answer both questions)



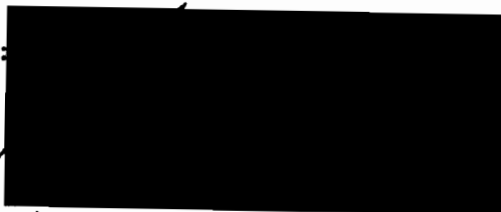
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Your initials and or VNS VIN# on it? YES ☒ NO ☐

*\*I understand my victim impact statement will be given to the court and to the defendant and his attorneys. I further understand my statement and my name or initials or VNS VIN# may become part of the public court record.*

\*Signature:

A large black rectangular box redacting the signature.

Date: 6/15/15



### **Victim Impact Statement**

**United States v. Dzhokhar Tsarnaev – Case No. 13-CR-10200**

**Victim Identification Number (from DOJ Victim Notification System): 4257901**

**Impact of the crime** - Continue on additional sheets of paper as needed. Number the pages and write your VNS VIN# on each page.

1. Describe in your own words the harm you suffered from the crime the defendant committed. Explain the physical, emotional and financial harm you endured. Include any long-term impact you foresee, and describe what that means to you and your lifestyle.

On the afternoon of April 15, 2013, I was in the bleacher seats at the finish line of the Boston Marathon, directly across Boylston Street from the Marathon Sports store. This means that I was across the street from the first bomb that exploded. Also, I was still in the bleachers standing and looking at the site of the first explosion, when the second bomb exploded, so I heard and saw that from afar.

The bombing changed my life. In the immediate aftermath, I experienced many symptoms of post-traumatic stress as a result of my being a witness to the bombing and the damage and destruction it caused. Just one week after the incident, I started seeing a therapist to help me deal with the feelings and symptoms I was experiencing—sleeplessness, traumatic dreams about the event and the aftermath, flashbacks and intrusive thoughts, a heightened startle response, guilt about surviving and about not helping the wounded, difficulty working, difficulty socializing, and a general sense of detachment from my life. The therapist diagnosed me as having acute stress disorder and symptoms of post traumatic stress disorder.

As an example of the intrusive thoughts: I was attending a performance of the opera when I had a very intrusive thought—the theater exploding. I could picture it clearly; the people around me were dead or injured and bloody and I could do nothing to help. As this was happening, I was aware on some level that it was not real, but on other levels my body reacted to the threat and the danger as if the event was real.

- [see next page] -

2. If you have information regarding the defendant's background, character and conduct you want the court to consider, provide that information here.

N/A

3. Would you make a verbal victim impact statement, if the opportunity was available to you? YES ☐ NO ☒

4. The U.S. Attorney's Office will make every effort to ensure victims' names and identifying information are not publically disclosed. However, your victim impact statement and name may be disclosed to the public. Do you want your statement forwarded to the court if it will appear on the public court docket with:

Your name on it? YES ☒ NO ☐ (Answer both questions)

Your initials and or VNS VIN# on it? YES ☒ NO ☐

*\*I understand my victim impact statement will be given to the court and to the defendant and his attorneys. I further understand my statement and my name or initials or VNS VIN# may become part of the public court record.*

\*Signature: 

Date: 11 May 2015

## Victim Impact Statement

United States v. Dzhokhar Tsarnaev – Case No. 13-CR-10200

Victim Identification Number (from DOJ Victim Notification System): 4257901

### Question 1. [continued]

As an example of anxiety and panic: One day in the summer of 2013 I was taking the T, the Green Line above ground. A man got on carrying a backpack. A couple stops after he got on, I glanced up and noticed that the backpack was in the spot where he put it down, but the man was nowhere to be seen. I quickly looked around the car to find him, beginning to panic. I did not see him. The next thing I knew, I was stepping off the T onto the street. I quickly crossed to the sidewalk and began walking home, all the while convinced I was going to see the trolley explode as it drove away, and that I'd left all those people to die. On my walk home, I struggled greatly with anxiety from the incident and the guilt that I had left everyone behind, when I believed there was a bomb on the train.

As an independent professional who works from home, these symptoms and experiences made it very difficult to continue working in the spring, summer, and early fall of 2013. I fell behind in working with my clients and also in seeking new clients. As a result, my income suffered and I fell behind financially. It took me almost a year to catch up. Thus, in addition to dealing with the stress of the psychological and emotional aftermath of the event, I was worried about my ability to work, earn money, and pay my bills.

In the late spring 2013, shortly after beginning work with the therapist, I sought out another counselor—one with experience helping individuals with trauma such as mine. After working with this counselor individually throughout the summer of 2013, I joined a support group for individuals who had been at the finish line and continued as part of this group through December 2013.

That same time the group ended (December 2013), I began seeing an individual counselor again, to deal with continued feelings of stress, anxiety, and detachment, which increased as the first anniversary of the bombing approached. I continued to see that counselor until June 2014. The symptoms also increased again in early 2015, as a result of the trial and the second anniversary, prompting me to seek out another therapist to help me deal with the emotions and anxiety.

My life today is very different than it was on April 14, 2013. As a result of the bombing and the changes it caused in me and the effects it had on the people around me, some relationships with friends and family have ended or changed permanently. Though most of the major symptoms have subsided, occasionally I have reactions to things that are a result of this experience. It is easier for me to become anxious about certain things now. And, at unexpected times when I'm out in public, I have a thought that someone in the crowd has a bomb and will blow up the room or area where I am or that a person has a gun and will start shooting everyone. Although these thoughts do not necessarily cause me to panic, they are quite unwelcome. I fear this type of thought along with increased anxiety will be symptoms I have for a very long time.

*\*I understand my victim impact statement will be given to the court and to the defendant and his attorneys. I further understand my statement and my name or initials or VNS VIN# may become part of the public court record.*

\*Signature: 

Date: 11 May 2015

## Victim Impact Statement

United States v. Dzhokhar Tsarnaev – Case No. 13-CR-10200

Victim Identification Number (from DOJ Victim Notification System): 4318395

**Impact of the crime** - Continue on additional sheets of paper as needed. Number the pages and write your VNS VIN# on each page.

1. Describe in your own words the harm you suffered from the crime the defendant committed. Explain the physical, emotional and financial harm you endured. Include any long-term impact you foresee, and describe what that means to you and your lifestyle.

Since witnessing the marathon bombings on 4/15/13, I have had increased depression, anxiety and insomnia. I have periods of increased night-mares when able to sleep. Financially, I have been most impacted. I have been unable to concentrate. This led to my inability to do my job as a health care administrator at a clinic. Seven months after the bombing, I resigned. Due to ongoing issues, I'm now on disability (SSDI). My salary previously was \$63,000. In 2014, I earned \$12,000.

2. If you have information regarding the defendant's background, character and conduct you want the court to consider, provide that information here.

NO

3. Would you make a verbal victim impact statement, if the opportunity was available to you? YES ☐ NO ☒

4. The U.S. Attorney's Office will make every effort to ensure victims' names and identifying information are not publically disclosed. However, your victim impact statement and name may be disclosed to the public. Do you want your statement forwarded to the court if it will appear on the public court docket with:

Your name on it? YES ☐ NO ☒ (Answer both questions)  
Your initials and or VNS VIN# on it? YES ☒ NO ☐

*\*I understand my victim impact statement will be given to the court and to the defendant and his attorneys. I further understand my statement and my name or initials or VNS VIN# may become part of the public court record.*

\*Signature



Date: 5/12/15



# 4337472



Honorable Judge O'Toole,

I have waited two long years for this day to come. My name is [REDACTED], I am the Mother of JP and Paul Norden who both lost their right legs in the 2nd explosion of the Boston Marathon bombings. I am grateful for this opportunity to express my feelings to you direct and share a little about my family's life since April 15, 2013. We have been through hell and back these last 24 months and I hope you will give much consideration to my request.

Only a mother can describe the agony, anguish and sadness one feels when their child experience's an injury, suffering or perhaps and more specifically, the unthinkable – the loss of a child or injury so severe, it robs them of their youth...

My family and I are no strangers to difficult times, trying circumstances and life challenges that some say, can make you stronger or tear a family apart.

Before I share my thoughts, please allow me this opportunity to acknowledge, recognize and thank the many other victims and family members who I have come to know and become friends with over the last two stressful years. Finally, we have reached a time where we can hopefully find comfort, closure and confidence that justice is served. Regardless of the decision, we all know and agree that there are no winners on this occasion. Whatever the jury decides, it's certainly a decision that I will respectfully accept and live with, as my family looks to move on.....

In addition, it's necessary to mention, the horrendous actions of the defendant and that of his brother are both reprehensible and unforgiving. Nothing will ever return our lives back to before this senseless act. No sentence, no words, no punishment **will ever take back** what this defendant took when he executed his plan to cause death and destruction against so many innocent people. Not from families who lost loved ones, not from the many injured and not from my two sons.

We have all made the symbolic trip through hell and back yet, we are stronger and more united than ever.

Now, I would like to recognize Honorable Judge O'Toole, your court staff, the members of the jury, the Attorney General, Ms. Carmen Ortiz, all the professional men & women of the various law enforcement agencies, the outstanding prosecutorial team, and the many people in this courtroom today. It was promised to us very early on that no stone would be left unturned. The men and women responsible for bringing finality to this case would do so in a professional, methodical and convincing manner. I have no doubts or concerns because these professionals certainly demonstrated support and ensured nothing less than an unwavering commitment, tireless participation in their pursuit of justice, and no matter the task at hand, they went above and beyond and meticulously examined and evaluated an abundance of evidence.



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Also, I would be completely remiss, if I didn't acknowledge the countless friends and strangers who rushed to help following the explosion.

It is often said, "Very Good can usually come from extreme bad" well, if there is any silver lining that I can say, it is the uncountable strangers from around the world, the many exceptional and compassionate people who extended their love, support and kindness as we endured this nightmare.

I am confident that my family would all agree that we are getting through this unbelievable event because of the help and thoughtfulness of so many. Obviously, I am unable to name the thousands of people who sent their well wishes, prayers and words of support. Yet I would be remiss if I didn't mention the few people that assisted me directly during this lengthy trial. Christine, Kathleen, Valerie, Jessica and Jay....Your kind understandings, professionalism and willingness to see to our every need, certainly provided a safe haven and made us comfortable and helped with the transition throughout our ordeal. Thank you from the bottom of my heart and I am forever grateful.....

Over the last two years, I have spent countless hours thinking and asking why & who could be capable of committing such horrific acts. Who could harbor so much anger and have so much hate that they could knowingly pre-plan, execute and commit acts of terrorism with such malicious intentions and willingness to cause as much death, destruction and fear. To be so removed from human decency and compassion that they knowingly placed bombs beside innocent women and children. To stand among the hundreds of innocent people; all the while, marking their prey like a wild animal in pursuit of their next kill.

Well, quite honestly, after two long years, I still haven't come to understand what possible motive, reason or goal these two cowards had in mind when they exploded two homemade bombs packed with nails, screws, ball bearing and other foreign objectives.

Today, I sit in this courtroom after spending many painful minutes, hours, days, weeks and months watching my two sons work to overcome, adjust and achieve the things most of us take for granted every day. Before I continue further, let me proudly proclaim, my two sons are doing remarkably well and for the record, they recognize what was taken from them, yet in some strange way, they have become stronger and more determined to achieve and make a positive difference. Maybe, there is a higher calling for their surviving this unbelievable tragic event. Possibly, they lived because they have some other thing to accomplish, or maybe they will be an example or commit an act that will be seen as, "paying forward." Time will tell.

Let me share some of the horror that I and my family had to endure after receiving the telephone call that I will never, ever forget as long as I shall live.

On Monday, April 15, 2013 at approximately 3:10 PM, I experienced what I would clearly describe, "a mother's worse fear." I not only heard the pain, I could feel the extreme fear and serious hurt as my second oldest son, Paul, called me from the street. I will never forget his voice, his uncertainty, his urgency for help yet all the time, "telling me he couldn't find his brother or girlfriend. I opened earlier with talking about a mother's grief, I explained that we are, as a

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family, familiar with difficult circumstances and I alluded to the call that seemed so surreal and frozen in time.

Now, let me shift to the unpleasantness and unimaginable scenario, after quickly talking with Paul and learning of the event, I had an unfamiliar voice, I now know was an EMT, saying to me, "hurry" get to the hospital, it's "**very bad.**"

After hearing on every possible news media outlet what had transpired on Boylston Street, I was confronted with rushing to my two sons, but, wait, I have no idea where JP or Paul are, Are they alive? Where do I go? What am I going to see? Am I going to be able to handle the injuries? How do I get through the melee of crowds, the grid-locked traffic, the enormous panic, and last, how do I prepare and accept the awaiting damage or deal with my sons suffering?

I have to confess, not for a second, can I imagine or conceive the chaotic scene immediately following the explosions. I briefly talked about what I could sense and hear when I talked with my son Paul that brief minute. The urgency, distress, pain and panic all evident and yet, a sense in his voice as he remarkably attempted to remain calm. I started to feel overwhelmed but knew I had to keep it together so I could handle the long night and days that awaited me.

But, now after all the evidence we have heard, after all the tearful testimony from other survivors and from the victims themselves & families that weren't lucky enough to have all their loved ones here today. After watching the video footage that will forever be part of my memory, it was, and is truly upsetting and distressing, to see the wreckage, carnage, damage and death. To know my two sons and many others were lying on a cold, hard concrete ground, blood draining from their bodies, clothes still smoldering from the fire flash caused by the explosion, smoke-filled area with the smell of burning flesh swirling around in the air, victims outstretched, riddled with screws, nails, ball bearings and other foreign objects that ripped & tore through their bodies and skin like a hot knife through butter,

The screams of pain, the panic and horror, the helplessness, the vision of innocence & looks on the faces while lying in the street knowing, that they may not make it through the end of the day and most likely asking "why me?"

If I can shift back to the telephone call I received at approximately 3:10 PM from my son Paul. "Ma I'm hurt real bad and I can't find JP or Jacqui". The feeling of shock overwhelmed me. It was like time standing still, a period frozen in the moment or perhaps my entire body and mind, just left a conscious state, even if it was for just several seconds, I can only best describe, it seemed like an eternity.

Please allow me to share some additional facts. My two sons each lost their right leg. They sustained numerous wounds, injuries and burn's both from the fire and objects that ripped through their entire bodies. Paul's leg was actually severed from his body and was clearly visible when we watched the video of the explosion. He required two immediate surgeries just in order to save his life that evening. He was amputated above the knee and was placed in a medical coma for seven days until his infections cleared. It was a difficult time for Paul these first few weeks and at times we didn't know what was happening from one hour to the next. He

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spent the next 32 days in the hospital with family and friends providing emotional support. His younger brother Jonathan, who had planned to attend the marathon with his two brothers on that day, only left his side to visit with JP at another area hospital.

JP was admitted to a different hospital where he had his legs shredded in the blast. One so severe, the video confirms that his leg was barely attached by skin and bone and it was dangling from his tattered and burn clothing. These images were clearly visible in the courtroom videos. Image's, I now wish I could erase from my mind and memory. It should be noted, that I was informed that JP arrived via EMS at the hospital with just about a pint of blood remaining in his broken, almost lifeless body. He was barely clinging to life and spent the next 46 days in the hospital with family, friends and his fiancée, Kelly.

In addition to the limb loss, both of my Sons' had burns over 50% of their bodies which required skin grafting; surgeries and various other medical procedures. They both incurred permanent hearing loss and will require further medical care as they move forward. The bomb and explosion didn't just take their leg, but their bodies were embedded with shrapnel, nails, screws and ball bearings causing severe and permanent nerve damage. This very day, they both carry around foreign objects that may or may not work their way out through the skin. It is saddening, that my sons are reminded of the defendant's cowardly and gutless acts whenever they feel the pain or movement of the metal inside their bodies.

These last two years of our lives have been the proverbial roller coaster of emotions. My sons have endured over 50 surgeries combined. One has lost functionality of his hand due to nerve damage caused by the shrapnel and the other requires additional surgery to his ever changing limb.

The bombings have not only changed JP and Paul's lives; it has also changed the lives of my entire family and friends. We will never be the same again. I cannot begin to describe the fear, the pain, the sadness, the heartbreak and the emotional stress this bombing has caused us. As a Mother, I was beyond devastated, having two severely injured sons at two different hospitals undergoing many emergency surgeries often at the exact time clearly presented problems for me in which I was being pulled in two different directions and it is impossible for me to explain. I had to choose or better yet, **decide**, where and which son I should be spending my time with during these surgeries? Which son? At a time when they both needed me? Obviously a mother needs to be with their child in a time of suffering.

Only a mother might understand this and it's difficult for me to say, but the guilt that I live with today for not being able to be with each son when they both needed me most still haunts me to this day and every single day also.

I am very proud of JP and Paul, the courage and strength they have shown my family and I over these last two years has been truly amazing. They have chosen to move on, to focus on their lives and not waste any moments thinking about what this monster took from them.

Instead, they are adjusting with their "new normal" and have accepted to live life for the better. To be grateful and content in knowing that they are stronger and more determined than ever to



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not let a coward define who they are. They have clearly decided to forgive and not permit anger to hinder their willingness to live life to the fullest.

I on the other hand cannot let go of what has happened to my sons so easily. I see how this tragic event has affected their siblings; Jonathan, Colleen, Caitlin. I see their pain and can't begin to describe in words how they have suffered throughout this nightmare. Trying to find the right words to explain to my young Grandchild Gabby why her Uncles lost their legs was extremely difficult - that day changed all our lives forever.

As a mother I hurt and I cry when I see the simple things in life now becoming a challenge, things that most of us take for granted but are now, at the very least, difficult and clearly heartbreaking for me to witness.

But Please let me remind you, I am also very grateful that I have my two sons here today. Not for a minute am I saying, ME or my family has experienced the worse, because that's not true. There are many familiar faces of families here that lost so much more AND believe me, MY HEART breaks for them every day. Although I am speaking for my family, I want you to know that, as mothers, we have a common bond that will forever unite us because we truly all lost so much on Monday, April 15, 2013.....

I worry every single day about them. As soon as they walk out the door I am consumed with worry. I worry when they're home alone without their prosthetics on, I worry when it snows out and there is ice on the ground, I worry about every little thing, I know I drive them crazy, I struggle with the deepest sadness and I question God every day why? But, we find strength in each other and knowing that justice will prevail very soon.

Regrettable, my family and I do relive April 15, 2013 EVERY SINGLE DAY, every day the boys wake up and forced to put on their prosthetics, they are reminded of that explosion. The heart ache never goes away. When they look in the mirror, when they see the scars across their bodies, surly, April 15, 2013 will haunt us forever.

I have sat through most of the trial in hopes to make some sense of how anyone could intentionally blow up innocent human beings and small children. I can't even begin to imagine the pain and suffering my boys and all the other survivors and first responders went through that day. Boylston Street was like a combat zone and it never should have happened.

There are no words to describe the sense of helplessness I felt seeing JP and Paul literally lying there on the sidewalk bleeding and the fear they must of felt. Seeing the video in the courtroom and what they went through is something that will live with me forever. I can only hope the pain lessons as time subsides. I pray and ask God to give us the strength to move on. I asked that the jury make the correct moral decision and let us all close yet another chapter.

Finally, No punishment, no matter the decision will ever bring back loss of life, no form of justice will ever give my sons and others their freedom to roam again but I shudder to think, if this cowardly, horrific acts of terror goes unpunished accordingly, will there be another April 15, 2013 next April. I only ask, NO, I PRAY that God will give you the guidance, the courage and strength to impose the appropriate and necessary sentence.



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Never in my life would I ever think to end someone's life on this earth, however, due to the unthinkable acts of this defendant I truly feel the death penalty is the only way to end our nightmare.

Thank you and May God Bless all of us....

Yours truly,

A black rectangular redaction box covering the signature of the sender.

Mother of Joseph Paul (JP) and Paul James Norden – Boston Marathon Survivors

VIN 4459292

I will never forget April 15, 2013 when this horrible, unthinkable act happened. I was enjoying the day at the zoo with my 6 year old son when I received a text message containing a graphic photo of my nephew Jeffrey. An iconic photo of a shell-shocked man being pushed in a wheelchair, panic in the air, a look of sheer horror on his face and his beautiful legs, nothing but raw bones and tattered flesh. Like most of the country, I cannot erase that image out of my mind, it haunts me to comprehend the barbaric act that my nephew endured. For several agonizing hours, I could not get information as to whether Jeffrey was dead or alive. It was the worst hell anyone could imagine.


I have had to watch Jeffrey go through countless operations and endless therapy sessions. I had to learn about the pain of therapy and the strength and courage it takes to put on prosthetic legs and find a way to stand again. I watched Jeffrey take step after agonizing step with such determination, knowing that this was a bitter fight to regain his independence. I was so over whelmed with what had happened to my family member and the journey to recovery he would need to take.

Like a rock thrown a pond, there are ripples that carry. It was not only Jeffrey that was affected by this act. The impact of the bombing has created severe stress and emotional trauma on our entire family. In order for Jeffrey to receive treatment and therapy, he needed many around him to support him. I had to take off three months from work unpaid to help my nephew Jeffrey and my sister Patty travel from Chelmsford into Boston every day for months.

That day changed the course of an entire family. For the first time in my life, I was taking anxiety and sleeping pills so that I could find release from the nightmares that haunted me. The fear and anxiety never leaves you, it bubbles right under the surface waiting, always waiting, looking over your shoulder, feeling uneasy in large gatherings. I am unable to fully talk about or express what happened to Jeffrey, it provokes such pain.

I worry every day about Jeffrey who still does not find comfort in his prosthetic legs and wonder will he ever? When will the pain end for him? Why did this have to happen to him, will he ever be the same, will our family? This is the tragedy that you caused for Jeffrey, his friends and his family. We will live with the ripple effects the rest of our lives.

Thank you for taking the time to hear my thoughts.

From a loving Auntie of Jeffrey M Bauman,  


[REDACTED]  
VIN 4587878  
[REDACTED]

I am a direct victim of the crime.

Location: Medical Tent A  
Boylston St.  
Across from First Bomb Crime Scene

As a non-medical volunteer charged with the task of tracking injured runners, I was at the Boylston St. entrance to the tent and witnessed both bombs exploding.

I watched as screaming people ran down Boylston St; then witnessed the results of the violence perpetrated on our city, as victim after victim came into the tent, in wheelchairs, on a stretchers or gurneys, carried in someone's arms, or driven in by a man in a small truck.

We were told to track the injured; I remember running after and attempting to put wristbands on people with severe gashes on their bodies. At some point, we were told to stand back and let the medical personnel do their work.

Time stood still; I don't know if I watched the heroics for 2 minutes or 2 hours. I was in total shock. When we left the tent, I broke down sobbing; my entire body was shaking.

I had an ear concussion and was incoherent for the rest of the day. Most of what I saw has been repressed. It's only recently, through EMDR, that I remembered seeing Carlos Arredondo with Jeff Bauman.

The PTSD has left me depressed, angry, and anxious. I'm easily irritated, have difficulty concentrating and making decisions, and feel guilty for feeling the way I do. I have trouble sleeping, often waking up several times a night, sometimes unable to go back to sleep.

I feel emotionless. I no longer have the desire to socialize and, in general, would rather be alone. This frightens me.

I'm desperate to find a new job, but search only half heartedly.

There's not a day that goes by that I don't think about the events of April 15, 2013. However, I have difficulty talking about it; I find myself stammering and at a loss for words.

I take antidepressants and anti-anxiety medications, and probably will for the rest of my life.

The Back Bay will never be the same; I am there quite frequently for work and shopping, and it is impossible to walk near the Forum, Marathon Sports, or the space next to the library where Tent A is set up and not relive that day and see the carnage in my mind's eye.

The ever-present sirens give me knots in my stomach, and canons on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, which once were so exciting, now only remind me of bombs exploding.

I'm afraid of losing my network of survivors when the trial is over and when my support group at Beth Israel comes to an end. I'm very concerned that, without them, I'll be plunged into a deeper depression.

I also fear the inability to extricate myself from this mindset and move ahead with my life.

I'd like the opportunity to make a verbal impact statement, but would also like to know I can decline if I so desire.

May 15, 2015